HORATIO,

OF

HOLSTEIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

" GOOD unexpected,—evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene;
Some, rais'd by fortune, tumble down amain,
And bound ſo hard, they mount and riſe again."

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ERRATA TO VOL. III.

Page 18, line 10, insert the pronoun I
166, 23 *for* drawn *read* withdrawn
173, 15, *for* Count *read* Duke
179, 6, *for* conjurer *read* conqueror

HORATIO.

CHAP. I.

"MY dear," ſaid the female voice, "what a lucky eſcape we had this afternoon: did you not obſerve my trepidation at the young fellow they called Heiligkeit?"

An anſwer was returned in the negative.

"Then," continued ſhe, "that very young fellow is the boy whom I have brought up, and who is now grown ſo fine and manly, that, if his name had not been

mentioned, I ſhould not have given him credit for ſuch features."

"Say you ſo?" ſaid her bed-fellow: "then he is the identical perſon to whom Schmelt willed that large legacy."

"And which we," continued Mrs. Linton, formerly Mrs. Heiligkeit, "fortunately contrived to ſucceed in getting poſſeſſion of by hiding the will. It will be neceſſary, therefore, that we ſhould remove early in the morning, for a detection would lead to a trial, and that might lead us both into the other world before we have quite done with the pleaſures of this. He was always," continued the worthy wife of the parſon, "doomed to be a thorn in my ſide; and I am ſure if he were to have a knowledge of us, he would not ſet down ſo quiety as the old preacher has done. But, never fear; heaven would not do ſuch an injuſtice: beſides, a ſoldier, if he is diligent, can always ſave enough by plunder, and therefore it is no loſs to him.—It cer-

certainly is ſtrange meeting him here, but as he is on the march, it is merely accidental; and as Providence has ſo much favoured us, the beſt way will be to let him purſue his route, and I to keep my room under pretence of indiſpoſition."

"It will be equally dangerous," ſaid the quondam huſband, "for me; but the devil has too much friendſhip to pay us ſuch a ſorry trick ſo ſoon!"

Horatio, during this converſation, had extended the tympanum of his ear to its utmoſt ſtretch: the agitation he was under diſturbed his companion, who, finding a tremulous motion in the pulſation of his breaſt, and, on liſtening, finding no ſound of breathing was emitted, was about to vociferate a very a propos enquiry, by demanding if he had *ſlipped his wind?*—Any queſtion loudly ſpoken at this juncture, would have raiſed a ſuſpicion of what he was really *doing*; and, therefore, ſtuffing the ſleeve of his coat into his mouth,

he whiſpered to him to liſten to the converſation in next room.

" I know," continued Mrs. Heiligkeit, " that the old man has written to him the contents of Schmelt's will; and that he deſired him not to leave Neiderkoff's houſe till his time was out, or till he had ſecured the money for him of his legacy, which we know very well never happened; therefore the parſon wrote a ſecond letter ſoon after, informing him of the diſaſter; but from what cauſe he has entered himſelf for a ſoldier, God above knows: but it is no matter to me; and I feel myſelf pleaſed that it may ſoon come home to him for a certain obligation which I am indebted to him for, and for which that fat fool Schmelt has thought proper to leave him a legacy, inſtead of me! The only favour he has, therefore, to expect of me, is to pull the cord tighter."

" That is enough!" exclaimed Linton: " now you have ſaid enough to hang us all,

all, pray go to ſleep; and, one word of advice to you, never again give your tongue ſuch a licence, becauſe, if you do, I ſhall take the liberty to turn you back to your beggarly village."

The converſation now became of a different complexion; the lady ſpoke in a balſamic tone to the threatening advice her paramour adminiſtered, and Somnus ſhortly after tied the eye-lids of the quartetto with his filmy ſtrings.

Such was the diſcovery which this eventful night had made to Horatio, and ſuch the guilt and infamy of his kind father's wife and gallant: it were impoſſible to ſuppoſe they were married, becauſe a lawyer knew the law too well; and it was equally impoſſible to ſuppoſe that Heiligkeit was dead, ſince they would then have had little to fear. Horatio congratulated himſelf upon the evidence of his bed-fellow to the fraud, which he was determined to avail himſelf of the firſt opportnity.

He felt his mind emboldened with its virtuous ſuperiority, and reſolved, after making the diſcovery, to have perſonal indemnification by preſenting himſelf at the bed-ſide to the adultreſs, and challenging Linton to inſtant ſatisfaction, if he refuſed to deliver the property he might yet have remaining from the will. He roſe, therefore, early in the morning; not only on his own account was he intereſted, but alſo for the injured curate, to whom the diſcovery was of the laſt importance, and whoſe declineing happineſs and years were becoming ſolitary and cheerleſs, oppreſſed with the faults of a vicious wife and an undutiful ſon, and without the faithful hand of the poor Horatio to ſmooth the rugged track he was deſcending. Deeply indeed was his filial affection involved to him, who had never, in return for his board and education, made any other demand upon him, than to keep himſelf pure and unſpotted from the world.

Ho-

Horatio mounted ſoftly up the ſtair-caſe, and took the latch in his hand: the door reſiſted, and the application of his foot was rendered neceſſary to force it: he burſt it open, and had advanced one ſtep into the bed-chamber, when an inviſible agent counteracted his progreſs, pulled him back, and declared to his ear, that he was nothing but a poor ſoldier!

Fate frequently favours the vicious as well as the virtuous. Horatio had collected all his ſtrongeſt ſpeeches to ſhower down upon them, and intended to drop into the cup of their illicit happineſs a few drops of gall: he had ruſhed to the bed-ſide, when the drum again demanded his immediate preſence: he heſitated a moment, and it ſounded again: he ruſhed forward, and, with the ſternneſs of juſtice and injury on his brow, he pulled open the curtains, and, preſenting himſelf to the petrified pair, exclaimed—"Thou adultreſs! I am Horatio Heiligkeit; I

am the man whom you have robbed, and always perſecuted! the opportunity now is mine to revenge—"

Here the ſummons beat for the laſt time, and he flew from the chamber to the calls of ſtern duty.

The trembling pair immediately dreſſed themſelves, and demanded of the ſervant the cauſe of the buſtle they heard; which they learned was for the immediate march of the ſoldiery. The muſic then ſtruck up, and ſounded the ſweet tones of relief to their preſent apprehenſions, and the knell of Horatio's menaces of puniſhment.

The pair, conſcious of ſafety, now preſented themſelves at the front window, before which the troop was drawn up, and whence, in a quarter of an hour, Horatio paſſed the iniquitous obſervers, who, with countenances of iraſcibility and contempt, continued their eyes on him till he diſappeared.

Our

Our readers will not be ſurpriſed that ſuch a conduct ſhould have marked the progreſs of Mrs. H.: diſproportionate matches are ever liable to the ſame conſequences, and the mind that is deprived of the alarm-bell of chaſtity is generally the dupe of a character like itſelf. Conduct of this kind is not only criminal, but ſtupid; for the connection that is not cemented by the honourable tie of marriage too frequently leaves the female expoſed to abandonment for a more inviting object. Contempt ſucceeds diſgrace, and the life which might have been uſefully ornamental, arrives at a premature cloſe, and quits the world without its regret.

As it is not our intention to purſue the progreſs of the lovers at preſent, we ſhall leave them for a ſhort period to enjoy the unequal and unſtable union which vice cements, and as eaſily diſſolves.

The chain of connection by which the above events had taken place were principally of the fabrication of Mrs. Heilig-

keit, who, in the converſation that enſued between Linton and her, after the making of Schmelt's will, ſuggeſted to him, that it would be extremely eaſy for them both to be rendered affluent, if he would but proceed to adminiſter to the will, while ſhe would undertake to keep her huſband from learning its loſs till it was irrecoverable. He was to return for Mrs. H. to the village, to lament to the parſon the loſs he had ſuffered; after which they were to elope together, poſſeſſed of all the ready caſh, and to ſeek ſecurity in quitting the Daniſh territory.

This ſcheme was finally adjuſted, and the new friends having come to a pecuniary underſtanding, drank two bumpers of cordial brandy to their more intimate acquaintance; the power of which ſoon animated the latent flame of impurity; and, before the evening cloſed, the lawyer had placed his action on the forehead of the parſon, and rivetted the affections of the lady.

In

In a few days after Schmelt's death, the ſcheme was put in practice. The lawyer made a ſucceſsful ſortie with caſh, &c. to the amount of 2000l. and ſhortly after that the buſtle had ſubſided, determined to viſit the wife of the parſon, without whom he found himſelf liable to expoſure: nor was he in fear of detection from any other quarter He had managed the affair in a ſuperior manner, by procurſng an old offender, as like as poſſible, to aſſume the character and dreſs of the curate; and who executed the affair with diligence and diſpatch: he had promiſed him half the gain during the getting of it, but when the poſſeſſion of it took place, he offered him a few pounds only: to this, the other objected, and obſerved, that if he broke his honour with him, he ſhould not keep his, but *pump* directly. The lawyer, on this, promiſed him faithfully, and by *all that was good*, his proper quota after the delivery of a letter which was to be taken

by him according to Mrs. Heiligkeit's addreſs.

The accomplice thought it better to try fair means, than loſe ſo large a ſum by information and undertook the commiſſion, from which, by an unfair proceeding, for ſome time, he neither returned to claim his portion, nor to effect his revenge.

Secure thus in the poſſeſſion of the iniquitous wealth while he remained on good terms with the partner of his ill-gotten property, and naturally attached, from ſecurity to his kind benefactreſs, he paid a viſit to the obliging Mrs. Heiligkeit, and ſoon ſettled with her the terms and conditions of their future connection: it took place on a Sunday morning, at which time a poſt-chaiſe waited without the village. She took nothing with her but a few trinkets, which had been offerings at the ſhrine of her beauty: her ruſtic garbs were to be exchanged for more faſhionable

ble draperies; and this appearance had been the principal reaſon that Horatio had not recogniſed her at firſt ſight.

The good curate, when he had done his ſermon, returned to his dinner; but, lo! the pot was not on the fire, and the wife was miſſing! He dined with a neighbour, and on his return no wife was yet to be found. He put up a *long* prayer in the afternoon, but it did not overtake her; and the parſon ſubmitted to the keen trial with a hope that out of evil good would come.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

IN the progreſs of Horatio nothing material occurred from leaving the hamlet to the place of their deſtination. It happened that in the ſlow progreſs of the troops, they paſſed by the city of Caſſel, within a ſhort diſtance of which laid the reſidence of Mr. Edel. Horatio determined to call at the houſe of this worthy man, the object of his reſpect; and was extremely chagrined to find that he had been abſent from it ſome time; but on whoſe account it is not neceſſary to inform the reader.

In a ſhort time the corps was called into an action near Fuld, and he acquitted himſelf with courage and humanity: he was literally a terror and a comfort; intrepid

trepid in the oppoſition of arm to arm; and ſtretching it forth to ſave where the hand of ſupplication aſked relief. The reſpectability of his manner, and the decency of his perſon, attracted the attention of the ſuperior officers.

Fate, who had hitherto attacked our ſoldier in the mental diſappointments he had experienced, now levelled a blow at him of a different deſcription, and which is the common heritage of the Sons of Warfare: but, comparatively, he had nothing to reproach that lady with, ſeeing that in the laſt ſervice they perſormed the Colonel of the regiment had been killed, and moſt of the officers. Theſe were immediately filled up with others, and among the reſt, a perſon of conſequence at Court, ſtepped into the Colonelcy.

In a ſevere ſkirmiſh Horatio had fought by his ſide, and had ruſhed in to his aſſiſtance at the moment he was about to deliver up his ſword to ſeveral who encircled him.

Horatio

Horatio charged with great fury, and, the efforts of the Colonel united, they forced a paſſage through the infantry which ſurrounded them, and joined their comrades. In the ſervice, however, he had not eſcaped without an honourable proof of his courage—a bayonet had penetrated through the fleſhy part of the right arm upwards, and when he had remained inactive a ſhort time, the pain rendered the arm uſeleſs. He was then admitted into the hoſpital, and experienced as much attention as the medical aſſiſtance of war permits—wretched conveniences indeed! in which the only conſolation, or rather misfortune, was, that the ſame ſtate was common to all.

The irration of the wound brought on a fever, and a proceſs of medicine during a period of four weeks had reduced the firm figure of the muſcular ſoldier to the tranſparency of a ſkeleton covered with gauze.

The

The ſoldier in health, who feared no contention with death in an erect poſition, now proſtrate, on a hard mattraſs, ſhrunk from his approach.

Liſſetta ruſhed on his imagination: Edel, if he knew his misfortune, he was ſure would adminiſter comfort: Heiligkeit would come on foot, he was certain, to adminiſter the ſacrament to him, and pour the conſolation of the holy teſtament into his boſom: but the things he wiſhed for were the leaſt likely to happen:—Liſſetta had diſcontinued the communication of her emulſionary epiſtles: Edel was too far off, and the liberty would be too great to requeſt his attendance; and as for the poor parſon, he could not think of putting him to the expence of ſuch a journey. Anxiety wrecked him when the fever abated, and the return of reaſon was almoſt driven back to its wanderings by the conviction that Liſſetta, love, and conſtancy, was gone for ever!

Oh!

O Love! thou deſtroyer of reſt,
What paſſions appear in thy train!
If kind, what a balm to the breaſt;
If ſlighting, how bitter's the pain!

The youth unregarded who ſighs,
To heav'n for pity muſt ſoar:
Hope flutters, till hopeleſs he dies,
And pity is wanted no more.

Juſt Heav'n, be thou my truſtee,
For all can give her—a pray'r;
Bleſs her whom I love,—bleſſing me,—
And make thy reſemblance thy care.

If drooping, impart healing balm,
Let ſympathy ſoften her woe:
If falſe, let forgetfulneſs calm
Thoſe feelings affection muſt know.

If angel-like, fled to the skies,
Can tears of remembrance reſtore?
In vain the ſoft tribute will riſe,
When goodneſs like her's is no more.

While, however, the progreſs from the village to the wounded ſtate of Horatio was on the carpet, Edel was traverſing another route, and occupying the time with the important commiſſion which the kindneſs of Liſſetta had put in motion for his benefit.

benefit. He had remained ſome time at Berlin before he had been able to effect a purchaſe to advantage, and procure a ſubſtitute for Horatio in the regiment he was to remove from: this he at laſt effected for a handſome premium, and ſet out with the commiſſion in his pocket. When he arrived at the theatre of war, he eaſily aſcertained the poſition of Horatio's regiment, and learned with the deepeſt concern, that the object of his friendſhip was laid up in the hoſpital, at ſome diſtance, ſick and wounded. Hither he repaired, and ſcarcely could believe the identity of the features, ſuch havock had diſeaſe made among the roſes and lilies of health. He hung dejected over the dozing figure of Horatio, and looked about in vain for that honour and glory which are compenſations for the fate of warriors. The walls were decorated with no other trophies than the cloaths of invalids, rendered uſeleſs to their unfortunate wearers, and the floor covered with medicaments and dreſſings, even

with

with which laid the patients. Edel had affectionately laid hold of the bony hand of Horatio, waiting only to diſcover himſelf till he ſhould awaken from the doze he had fallen into.

He ſoon turned, and, opening his eyes, recogniſed the worthy Edel, who graſped him by the wounded hand, which the ſpeechleſs feelings of Horatio could not explain till he had turned himſelf half round, and with his left-hand repaid the preſſure with all the force he was maſter of. He then feebly articulated, "Dear ſir, I ſhall ſoon mend now you are come—the kindneſs is ſo unexpected, ſo generous; but you are come to ſee a very poor, though grateful fellow; nay, ſo poor that he has not a chair to aſk you to ſit down upon."

"I am the bearer of good fortune, Horatio," ſaid Edel; "and am happy that the communication of it has been reſerved till the moment in which it will have the beſt

beſt effect. Certain friends who are intereſted in your happineſs have ——"

"Have deſired you to viſit the unfortunate Horatio?" exclaimed the invalid. "Say—tell me, dear ſir, is Liſſetta among the number?"

"The principal one; ſhe is ever the foremoſt to render the unfortunate ſervice."

"Did ſhe enquire after me? did ſhe commit any meſſage to your kindneſs for me?" eagerly demanded the livid lips of Horatio.

"Yes; ſhe breathed all the affection that you could wiſh," rejoined Edel; "and ſeemed by her anxiety for your ſafety to have a preſentiment of the misfortune you now ſuffer."

"The intelligence that ſhe had paſſed the opportunity without conveying one kind recollection would have been a greater misfortune. Phyſic will now ſoon cure the firſt,—the latter would have been beyond its power:

"Ceaſe,

" Ceaſe, ceaſe your cares: the body's pain
A ſweet relief may find;
But gums and lenient balms are vain
To cure the wounded mind."

" Here is a letter likewiſe," rejoined Edel; " this will convey the buſineſs, perhaps, which has brought me here."

" She is the very fountain of goodneſs!" exclaimed Horatio, " every thing that flows from her muſt be grateful!" Let us trace the contents.

He read them with avidity; and when he had done, proteſted (he was too feeble yet to *ſwear*) that it was the beſt anodyne which had been adminiſtered to him a long while.

The letter, amidſt the general tenor of the ſame repetitions which he had frequently received before, only a little diverſified, contained the rapturous information that the Abbé had ſeconded her wiſhes, and in his unbounded inclination to ſerve him, had raiſed a ſufficient ſum to purchaſe a commiſſion for him, who was worthy,

thy, in Liſſetta's eſtimation, to be a general; that Mr. Edel, underſtanding the nature of the buſineſs, had gratuitouſly undertaken to procure it for him; and that for herſelf, delicacy forbad her taking any part in it beyond her ſincere wiſhes that he might never need another favour—unleſs from herſelf.

"Take a ſoldier's thanks for your goodneſs!" ſaid Horatio; "and carry my bleſſing back to the Abbé and his ward: I feel her influence at this moment on my diſorder—I think I could attack an enemy now," ſaid he, puſhing forward about three inches his wounded arm; "if ſhe were in danger — but I anticipate my ſtrength—I muſt confer that truſt to you, my dear ſir."

Mr. Edel, it may be remarked, had ſet out on this buſineſs before Horatio and Liſſetta had ceaſed to receive letters from each other; and Horatio, who did not carry the time when the letter was written, to a date ſo far back as when Mr. Edel left

left Frankfort, concluded that the cauſes, whatever they were, which had interrupted their correſpondence, were removed, and therefore reſolved to ſend back by his affectionate friend a packet freighted with all the love he had reſerved ſince he laſt wrote. Mr. Edel then preſented to him the purchaſe of a Cornetcy, which he made in the regiment of horſe, and informed him that he would himſelf take the temporary command, till his health ſhould render him capable of the ſtation.

Such generous conduct, diſintereſted and dangerous in the execution, was more than the ſenſible nature of the patient could bear, and he laid his ſhirtleſs arm over his eyes, while he aſked his benefactor how he ſhould repay all his kindneſs?

"The time to pay debts," ſaid Edel, "is when you are recovered, and therefore this is an after conſideration: I ſhall leave you for the preſent, and proceed to verify your

your title to the officer under whom you are to ſerve.

Mr. Edel now departed, and the elevated mind of Horatio combated the diſorder, and, as the fever had paſſed its criſis, by the new inducements he had received to attend to air and regimen, the ſymptoms of it abated; and when Mr. Edel in the following week reviſited him, he was agreeably ſurpriſed with his improvement.

A fortnight more elapſed, and at its cloſe Horatio was nearly reſtored: the wound in his arm had gradually healed, and his plumpneſs began to return. No malady is more rapid in its approach than a fever; nor is there any one in which, when the criſis is paſt, the approaches to convaleſcence are more diſcernable.

The delay of another week at length reſtored the form of Horatio to its accuſtomed firmneſs and erection. He had nothing to fear from any ſide but the caſualties of which he had juſt recovered;

and theſe he caſt behind him. Reinſtated in Liſſetta's affection, he thought he ſtood upon ſuch broad ground, that nothing but an earthquake could make him ſtumble: even the old parſon, he concluded, would be reconciled to the loſs of his wife, when he knew what his Horatio had gained, and of which he ſwore he would write the old paſtor word that very night.

Mr. Edel had requeſted, to corroborate the deceptive information in Liſſetta's letter, that Horatio would give him a written acknowledgment of the purchaſe-money due to his benefactor, the Abbé; and this was of courſe complied with, with an offer, that he would aſſign over his right and title to all the benefits which might ariſe, at a future period, from Mr. Schmelt's will.

This Mr. Edel declined, but at the ſame time left it open to his own honour to do as he thought fit.

The buſineſs being, at length, finally adjuſted, Mr. Edel took his affectionate leave

leave of Horatio, that he might haſten back to convey the ſame delights and feelings he had been beſtowing.

Horatio, in a few days after, was again called into action; nor had the wound he ſo recently recovered from damped that ardour which returned with renovated health. The fortune of war, if it had laid him low, had again raiſed him to taſte her ſmiles as well as frowns.

Liſſetta was a protecting and inviſible deity, to whom he wiſhed to demonſtrate that he had a full confidence in her approbation — a recompence for whatever might befall him.

A ſtrong fort was to be ſtormed, which commanded a defile through which it was neceſſary for the army to paſs: it was an object of conſiderable importance, and was well ſupported by a large body of the enemy, with an officer of experienced courage for its commander. The aſſault was made a point of honour, and Horatio voluntarily, in his new elevation, head-

ed a party of his own regiment: it was ſcaled on every ſide, and the reſiſtance was inferior only to the bravery of the aſſailants, who, after a third attack, planted themſelves on the walls: ſtill, however, the enemy retreated to a formidable battery of cannon, which ſwept the foot-way of the glacis.

The fire being irreſiſtable, Horatio ordered his men to feign a retreat in diſorder, and a purſuit enſued: it was at this juncture that he led them with effect, and they ſuddenly turned and cloſed with the enemy: Horatio's arm came in contact with the commander of the fortreſs, who fell beneath its more muſcular proweſs, and yielded to his ſuperior addreſs.

Horatio appointed him a protecting guard, while he flew to ſtop the indiſcriminate carnage which is permitted on a caption by aſſault. He gained more honour by his exertion in the cauſe of humanity than of victory: a pleaſure which he

he found damped on his return, by the dying ſtate of the Commanding Officer.

" I have fallen fairly," ſaid the departing General; " and I perceive I have fallen into the hands of humanity:—We are no more foes to each other; our's was a national, but not perſonal animoſity: yet there are ſometimes domeſtic claims and affections which ſoften the moſt warlike heart, and bend it into tenderneſs: I have a wife, whom I married very young, at her father's inſtigation rather than her own: ſhe has been the exemplary pattern of virtue—of fidelity—of goodneſs;—but ſhe never loved me with that affection I doated on her. Bear to her my laſt oriſons—tell her—(thy countenance tells me I may rely on ſuch a noble foe,) that Count Graaf leaves her a widow, but gives her all he has to beſtow in this world and the next. Let me be conveyed to a place of interment till my widowed partner can move this ſinking form, and beſtow on me the burial of many years friendſhip—the

obſequies of her love were long ago beſtowed on another—but the dark and ungenerous proceeding ſtains not my honour, nor conveys one pang to my boſom at the moment of awful entrance into eternity.—Accept my ſword from a hand that has never yet been ſubjugated, and preſerve this reſemblance of female excellence as a token in the hour of forgetfulneſs of my eternal affection for her.—I die happy under the aſſurance of your punctual fulfilment of a dying requeſt; and leave this life with leſs regret than I have felt in it.—Heaven's love ſhall ſoon be a ſubſtitute for that affection I have languiſhed for here; and there ſhall my prayers for my wife, thyſelf, and my country, not paſs away in vain!"

Count Graaf terminated his life and his dying requeſt at the ſame moment; and Horatio cloſed the eyes that his deſtructive ſword had ſhut for ever!

He loſt no time in conveying the melancholy information to Lady Graaf, who was

was then at Copenhagen. The body was interred in a private manner till the time ſhould arrive of its being conveyed away by its noble relations, who, immediately on the receipt of Horatio's melancholy letter, put themſelves in a ſituation to effect the accompliſhment of the Count's laſt wiſh.

The reſpect and favour which Horatio obtained in his new ſituation was but a ſecondary object to the delight he expected ſhortly to receive in the anſwers to his letters from Liſſeta and the parſon. His eye travelled to Frankfort, and felt a conſcious pride in ſhewing himſelf ornamented with the trappings of elevation—the effect of her perſuaſive influence.

The ſhort-ſighted penetration of Horatio no longer conceived that good could be followed by evil; that the poſt which conveyed ſuch affectionate letters from him, ſhould return others charged with the moſt poignant grief.

The ſecond letter ſoon after was from his old reverend father, the curate; and it was a letter of woe. He there informed his foſter ſon, that, in conſequence of the information he had received from him of the place where he had detected his ruined guilty wife, he had travelled there under a ſevere indiſpoſition; that they had quitted the village when he arrived, and all that the landlord knew was, that they owed him nothing, and were gentlefolks: the waiter remembered hearing them ſay they would go and reſide a ſhort time in France; and the hoſtler was aſked by them how far the road was from the village to the place which laid in the direction of a right angle from the other: but an old man who ſat in the tap-room, with his foot bound up, remembered by an evident conviction, that they journeyed a middle route towards Berlin—"For this here foot," ſaid he, "that is lame, was run over by their hard driving; and whenever I can tell who they be, I will have

have more *damages* than thoſe I have already got!"

The parſon then continued to ſtate that he journeyed towards this place, and, when he reached it, enquired at every inn and hotel which was likely to conceal the fugitives: here, without ſucceſs, he traverſed three days, and had to return to his church duty on the following Sunday. In retracing his ſteps, he had digeſted an extempore ſermon on the duties of diſregarding what we ſhould eat and drink, and wherewith we ſhould be clothed, meaning to illuſtrate this by his affinity to the apoſtolic mode of travelling *without* money and *without ſcrip*, when a heavy ſhower of hail and rain unſcripturally taught him the great uſe of the good things he had been reaſoning againſt: he then farther ſtated, that his money being exhauſted, his ſhoes worn out, and his cloaths and wig *baptized* by the rain, at the next alehouſe where he put up, he found the effect of his fatigue and expo-

ſure to the weather; it laid him up with a cold and rheumatic affection for a week, during which time he ſubſiſted under the harſh treatment of a ſour and thrifty landlord, who had preſented him with an exhorbitant bill, which had left him pennyleſs; but the greateſt evil was, that, when he returned, he had been turned out from the curacy for his neglect of duty, in abſenting himſelf, and for a controverſy he had had with the rector, that faſting in Lent was an *empty* regulation. He had, therefore, no employment remaining but the ſchool, which had indeed been augmented with a few ſcholars ſince his hetorodoxy had been made public: the laſt and moſt tremendous evil he had to deplore was, that his wife's ſon had taken no notice of the note which ſhe had perſuaded him to accept. This he was incapable of paying, and all he could provide for it was his manuſcripts and prayers, that heaven would raiſe ſome friend, or the creditor wait for payment till he had

had been reinſtated in an equivalent for the curacy he had loſt—" But, on the contrary," continued he, " ſhould my ſon throw on me the hard and unfilial demand, I muſt give up my poor old tenement, change the old tapeſtry for the rough wall of ſome gaol, and there my grey hairs ſhall ſink ſorrowfully to their grave!"

" If they do ſink to the grave through his means," exclaimed Horatio, " then by G— he ſhall ſink with them! Never fear, old Heiligkeit; when the old tenement moves, you ſhall move with it, and not before!"

A queſtion ariſes in this place, which enquires how Horatio was to find the means to act as largely as he had been talking. As a ſoldier he had not a farthing of property, and now that he was in his advancement, he found that the little extra money Edel had left him was exhauſting very faſt, and that his expences were more than commenſurate to the income: from what ſource could he then

draw the ſum he wanted to ſuccour Heiligkeit? He aſſured himſelf that the benevolence which had flowed ſo amply through the channels of the Abbé, Edel, and the benevolent Liſſetta, were not yet exhauſted.

Happy in contemplating amidſt the curate's melancholy advices, the means of extrication, he had reſolved to loſe no time in conveying the intelligence and the original letters to Liſſetta, who had herſelf, in her juvenile days, been fond of the parſon. He had juſt taken the pen in hand, with this benign intention, when his ſervant delivered a letter, which bore the hand-writing of Liſſetta, and which he rapturouſly preſſed to his lips, before he conveyed its treaſures to his ſight. However, inſtead of a letter of congratulation and affection, it was the herald of incenſed love, of ſeverity, and renunciation of future connection. The letter will better explain the writer's feelings than our remarks:

"Sir,

" SIR,

" I have addreſſed a letter to you which remains unanſwered; it was followed by another, that experienced the ſame neglect: I was then unacquainted with the cauſe of your ſilence, which time has eventually ſupplied You gained my eſteem upon the conviction that you were poſſeſſed of purity and honour; the deception is now removed, and my affection is withdrawn.

" In the letter Mr. Edel conveyed to me, you aſſure yourſelf of its continuance, at the time you have forfeited every claim to it, by abandonment and diſgrace: if I am not ſufficiently explicit, then add to what I have ſaid, the name of Thereſa, and the miniature which the ſimple incredulous Liſſetta gave.

" The Abbé and Mr. Edel, who approved of my generoſity before, now encourage my reſentment, and to their protection and advice I reſign myſelf. I ever eſteemed virtue in humility, and deſpiſe any

any ſituation without it. When you can reſtore confidence to the boſom of Liſſetta, you will be entitled to a place in it; but as this is an effect in its nature impoſſible, accept the farewell faultering adieu of your former friend and play-fellow,

LISSETTA."

"Is this a dagger that I ſee before me?" exclaimed Macbeth in the viſionary ſcene; and the ſame apoſtrophe will ſuit our hero at the moment he had hurried through the letter. Poets and painters, could they have been preſent, would have clothed their works with immortality, in depicting the fine keen touches of nature which the action and countenance of Horatio exhibited. He plainly perceived that by ſome channel every particular reſpecting his amour at Linſtein, had reached her. To leave the army, and fly to her, would have been deſertion and diſgrace; and to remain ſilent was a fair indication of his delinquency. At all events, after a diſtraction

traction of thought, he determined to write to Liſſetta, and frankly to diſcloſe the whole connection which had raiſed her jealouſy. This he amply performed, and with every hope that could buoy up an innocent heart he put the letter in the poſt; and, in the next conveyance, received back an anſwer—not in the handwriting of Liſſetta—nor the Abbé—nor Mr. Edel—but in that of her mother, whoſe characters were as tortured and cramped as if ſhe had written them after having been broke on the wheel; they were analagous to its contents.

The firſt ſtroke this female executioner gave him was his own letter incloſed in her's, conveyed in mutilated orthography, purporting that his folly was like his impudence to write to her daughter; and laſtly came the *coup de grace*, which proteſted that her daughter was to be united to the worthy Abbé, who was, both from gratitude and love, the choice of herſelf and Liſſetta; and the only way of retrieving

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ing Liſſetta's good opinion was by marrying the poor Thereſa, whom he had ruined.

In the former page we ſtated that he ſaw the dagger—here he felt the inſertion of it: if the firſt letter of Liſſetta was tinctured with bitterneſs, the laſt was dipped in gall. The abyſs in which his hopes were ſinking ſtood open before him, and to plunge in ſeemed little more painful than to hover on the brink of uncertainty and contempt.

In the paroxyſm of paſſion, he reſolved to deſert; to fly to a perſonal interview with Liſſetta: but this was oppoſed by the apparent cowardice on the one hand, and a court martial on the other. He would have waited till they retired to winter quarters, (which was daily expected) but, alas! before that time, the prejudiced, lovely, generous Liſſetta, might be the wife of another, and the worthy Heiligkeit be buried in priſon.

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Under all these circumstances there appeared but one plan to pursue, and this was—*the disposal of his commission*—the produce of which he intended to convey personally to Lissetta, after relieving the curate out of it. He accordingly wrote to the agent of the regiment, who soon produced a purchaser.

When the gentleman presented himself to Horatio, and mentioned the nature of his business, he demanded his name, and, before he could utter it, recognised the person and features of his companion in the watch-house, at Frankfort, previously to their introduction to the justice's. A mutual surprise was expressed at such a distant rencontre, and Mr. Fryherr and Horatio were anxious to know the causes which had induced one to sell, and the other to buy, the Cornetcy:

"Love," said Fryherr, "has brought me into the army: but what induces you to quit it, when your services are so much wanted?"

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"The ſame cauſe, nearly," rejoined Horatio, "as brings you into it: loſs of love, and want of money—two powerful ſtimulants."

"I regret too," ſaid Fryherr, "that, at the moment I have found an old fellow adventurer, we are about to part: but as fate has thrown us in purſuit of the ſame object, and my hand is willing, to its extent, to render you ſervice, if you give me the particulars of your embarraſſments, you may find half an hour's amuſement in hearing mine."

Horatio related every event as they have occurred in our narrative; and when he had done, they enjoyed the joke of their former unknown rivalſhip.

Mr. Fryherr, in return, ſtated his account, and added to what we have detailed, that, from the period of the total ſecluſion of Roſella,, he had endeavoured to baniſh her from his memory by a gay and convivial life, which had been confined to the neighbourhood; that his father

ther and mother had each planned the ſcheme, which was to have drawn him into matrimony with Ella and Liſſetta, both of whom he had effectually diſguſted in his eccentricity and inebriation; that this diſſipated courſe of life had brought on a melancholy, which had turned his affections to the object who had flown from his ungenerous depravity: that ſince the only girl that could render him domeſtically happy could not be traced, he had requeſted his father to purchaſe a commiſſion; which the old gentleman had done, and had promiſed that if Roſella were ever found, and farmer Martin would take her into favour, and give her an acre or two of his farm, he would build them a hut on it.

Horatio heard the detail with concern, and found that love reigns as arbitrarily in the wealthy boſom as the poor one. He congratulated Fryherr on the noble reparation he intended to the injured Roſella, and aſſured him that if fortune ſhould,

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in the croſs route he was going to travel, preſent the object to his notice, he would intereſt her dormant affection for him, and conduct her, at the hazard of his life, to an interview with him in the temple of Hymen.

Fryherr acknowledged his obligations, and promiſed that his purſe ſhould ever be open to the friend who knew how to uſe the contents of it to the purpoſes of honour and virtue.

Horatio graſped his hand, and obſerved that he might one day want it, but at preſent he was amply ſupplied by the ſale of his commiſſion. He then detailed the independent purpoſe for which he had reduced himſelf to the uncertainty of future employment; and ſunk the mind of Fryherr into comparative littleneſs at his ſuperior elevation of mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

IN the corps in which Horatio commanded there was a ſoldier who had always attracted his notice, and waited occaſionally on his perſon: he had been wounded, and conſigned to the hoſpital, where he had juſt effected a cure with the amputation of the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand: he was, therefore, rendered unſerviceable to the army, and diſmiſſed. He had attended upon Horatio ſince his elevation, and he now requeſted to be continued in his ſervice. Horatio had a natural predilection for him, and took him for the gratification of not putting a negative on his requeſt, rather than any

any eſſential occaſion he had for his aſſiſtance.

The name of this young man was Adolphus Martin, who has, in the former part of our narrative, made a conſpicuous figure; whoſe punctual attention to the military duties had left him in the ſame capacity as when he firſt entered; and whoſe courage in the field had conducted him to the hoſpital, where the loſs of a thumb and fore-finger had reſtored him to his former liberty, and given him the opportunity of beginning the world anew, with eight fingers inſtead of ten.

Horatio now took his leave of Mr. Fryherr, and, without having abſolutely determined the route he ſhould purſue, he and his man travelled the firſt ſtage, and, reſiſting the calls of love, which admitted of more delay than the wants of Heiligkeit, he bent his progreſs, for the firſt time ſince he had quitted it, to the village of Grunen.

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While he, therefore, journeys forward, we ſhall purſue a retrograde movement, and trace the ſituation of affairs which had made ſuch ſtrange havoc in the views and hopes of the reſidents at Frankfort.

It has already been ſtated, that Thereſa quitted her own village under the impreſſion and plauſible pretext, that her diſappointment in Horatio's love rendered it no longer comfortable or poſſible to reſide there: but this, though it was an admiſſible reaſon, was not the real one, which was, indeed, that ſhe was in a ſituation that a month or two more would render palpable to the female eye.

The worthy cauſe of this unfortunate *lip* was the good gentleman whom the parents was about to conſign her to. The gentleman, during a ſhort ſtay at the inn, had ſucceeded in the attainment of his wiſhes at a moderate premium! He had given the willing Thereſa a little flattery and a little gold, and had promiſed her faithfully, that, if any thing ſhould proceed

ceed from their connection, he would provide for her.

Thereſa had conceived a ſincere liking for Horatio, and thought that if a match could have been made up, it would have ſaved her reputation, and not have injured his. When this failed, ſhe was compelled under a feigned excuſe, to reſort to her laſt plan for concealment and indemnity. She wrote a long letter to Mr. Kauffer, reminding him of their intercourſe, and the promiſe he had made of doing ſomething more for her, if ſhe ſhould prove with child. This letter ſhe inſerted privately in the poſt, and received no anſwer to it.—He is either dead, or will not write, fearful of the affair coming to my father's knowledge,—thought the innocent Thereſa; and now I have loſt deal with Horatio, I muſt mind how I play my cards with him; or, between the two birds, I ſhall catch neither.

Theſe events haſtened her removal from the village, and her parents parted with her

her under the agreeable conviction, that ſhe would make herſelf *by her parts*. When our Abigail had arrived at the place of deſtination, the next morning ſhe arrayed herſelf in her beſt attire, and enquired out the hotel where Mr. Kauffer had given his addreſs; here ſhe learned the dreadful intelligence, that any perſon of that name was wholly unknown to the family.

But fortune, though ſhe had given her a cruel rebuff at her firſt outſet, had not deſerted her. As ſhe was traverſing her way back to the inn, ſhe met the perſon whom ſhe went in ſearch of: he would willingly have avoided her, but Thereſa was too earneſt in her attentions to loſe him without ſatisfactory information.

Mr. Kauffer aſſured her of his inclination to ſerve her; that he had changed the reſidence he had given her in his former addreſs; and that, lodging as he did, at a tavern, he could only provide a place for her at the preſent; and when ſhe became more advanced in her pregnancy, he would

remove her to a comfortable and private ſituation. In the mean time he gave her two guineas, and adviſed her to enquire of the landlady at the inn for a ſituation, and he would give her a character, or ſhe might procure it from her father.

Thereſa was for the preſent ſatisfied of his actual abode, by parting with him at the door, and appointed the following week to meet him. The nymph then retired, and, on her application to the landlady of the houſe, was put in poſſeſſion of a place the next day after her application.

The inn was contiguous to the houſe which Mrs. Niederkoff and her daughter had taken for the double purpoſes of a town and country houſe; and at this time they wanted a ſervant who would be ſtrong and genteel; well acquainted with every part of her buſineſs, who knew *every thing*, and had ſeen *nothing of the world*.

Thereſa was providentially the *very thing*, and, as the hoſteſs had ſome diſcrimi-

crimination in young women, ſhe under-took to anſwer that Mrs. N. would be well ſuited in ſuch a ſervant.

Mrs. Niederkoff then had an interview with the young woman, and, having made a good bargain, ſhe conducted her home.

The following week Thereſa made an excuſe to go out, for the purpoſe of keeping her appointment with Mr. Kauffer: he was punctual in his attendance, and announced to Thereſa that he was under the neceſſity of leaving the town for a ſhort time. It was melancholy news to Thereſa, but the harſhneſs was ſoftened by another preſent of money, and a promiſe of a conſiderable ſum, if ſhe would father the child upon any one but himſelf.

Thereſa, vexed and diſappointed, was now driven to her laſt refuge; and this was to lay the miſhap, from revenge, to the man whom ſhe preferred to all others. It was not long, however, after this, before the prying eye of Mrs. N. began to

obſerve the egg-like ſhape which Thereſa approximated to, and ſhe might have been induced to have placed it to an increaſe of fatneſs, if the ſlender proviſions of her table and the barriers on the cupboards, had not rendered ſuch a fulneſs of habit, impoſſible at her expence. She waited, therefore, a little longer, and conſultations were ſeveral times held with an experienced motherly neighbour or two, becauſe ſhe liked to act delicately before taxing the girl. The declaration, however, was brought about by a very important affair, which happened in the family at this time.

Miſs Niederkoff had bought a ſkein of fine white ſilk, for a particular purpoſe, and the next morning diſcovered that the paper was purloined—not miſlaid, for that was impoſſible!

Thereſa was interrogated, and ſhe denied any knowledge of it: an inſpection of her trunk was awarded, and in this repoſitory, myſterious event! was found the miniature

miniature of Liſſetta, and two letters, ſigned with her friend's name. The contents of theſe letters ſufficiently explained to whom, and what buſineſs they were upon, and furniſhed the old and the young lady with very important intelligence.

Liſſetta's mother was next day made acquainted by Mrs. N. with the ſingularity of the diſcovery, and was overwhelmed with confuſion and anger at the plan which Liſſetta had been acting. Miſs N. too, ſecretly pleaſed, came in the afternoon to lament with Liſſetta the aukward circumſtances in which ſhe was involved; while the anguiſhed heart of our heroine ran through the chain of cauſes which had ſeparated Horatio from her correſpondence, and waited only for the declaration of Thereſa to be convinced that the loſs of her lover, and her own complete detection were inſeparable events.

Mrs. N. imparted her ſuſpicions, among her other communications to Liſſetta's

mother, of her maid's ſituation; and it was determined that they ſhould endeavour to reaſon her out of the truth of every particular.

At a proper time, therefore, Thereſa was informed, to her great ſurpriſe, that ſhe had letters and a picture in her box, which ſhe could never have come honeſtly by. This was anſwered by the culprit, firſt, with the emotions of wonder and anger, and ſecondly, by a queſtion, if they were the owners of the property ſo claimed.

"No," replied Mrs. Brun, "but the letters are my daughter's, and the picture is her likeneſs: they have been ſent to one Horatio Heiligkeit, who is in the army, and who has plagued your miſtreſs and myſelf, for ſome time paſt. All that we want to know is, how you came by them. Don't be alarmed; we are not going to hurt, but pity you: many a poor innocent young girl has been taken in by theſe

theſe looſe young men, as well as my daughter."

Such a commiſerating opening of the buſineſs gave an impulſe to Thereſa to enter more fully into it.

"Ay, madam," ſaid the maiden, "I had them from the ſame young man, who has ſworn true love to me by day and by night a hundred times. He gave me that picture, and told me that he had liked her once, but now I ſhould have it, for he never could like none but me for the time to come."

"That is a good girl," ſaid Liſſetta's mother, "tell the truth, and then nobody can ſay you are a ſtory-teller.—Now, tell me another:—Come nearer—don't bluſh and be aſhamed—you have a kind miſtreſs, and I will be a friend to you—I ſuſpect that you are with child."—

Thereſa, however, was aſhamed, bluſhed, held down her head, and confeſſed that it was ſo.

The next queſtion was, by whom? and while they had aſſured themſelves of the certainty of the anſwer, they were thrown into utter confuſion, by her round aſſertion, that ſhe could not tell by whom it was. No! was vociferated interrogatively, and yes, was replied affirmatively: that ſhe had come there in ſearch of the father; who was a *man*—and *no gentleman*; but any thing farther ſhe could not tell.

The ladies themſelves were convinced that Horatio was the owner of the child, and that Thereſa had fallen ſhort of the truth, while our readers know that ſhe had by far exceeded it.

Thereſa, though ſhe bore much diſlike to Liſſetta, and had revenged herſelf upon Horatio, in the turn ſhe had given to the manner by which ſhe had received the picture and letters, nevertheleſs was not prepared to ſwear to any extent; ſhe, therefore, aſſured the ladies that ſhe was the *beſt* judge how far Heiligkeit was culpable: while they threatened an immediate diſ-

diſcloſure to her parents, if ſhe would not admit that they knew thoſe things much better than her.

Thereſa reſigned the contention, and was promiſed, for her compliance, that ſhe ſhould not be ſent away until ſhe was *quite ready* to lie in.

Liſſetta's mother carried home the important documents, and the girl's extorted confeſſion; and, on entering the room where Liſſetta ſat, threw the thunderbolt of detection at her head.

"There!" exclaimed ſhe; "it is all diſcovered! Your fine feelings and diſcrimination may now extend themſelves to a living proof of Horatio's affection for another!"

As this diſcourſe continued ſome time, we ſhall cloſe the detail of it with the exit of her daughter, who roſe in the middle of it, and left the room.

Overwhelmed by the convincing proofs that he had not only withdrawn his affection, but had expoſed her correſpon-

dence, ſhe felt the keeneſt feelings ariſe in her boſom. All that is left me, ſaid ſhe, to make him a more contemptible object, is to acquaint him that his commiſſion is my gift, and by demanding the reſtoration of it, to reduce him to his former inſignificance. I will immediately acquaint Mr. Edel with his conduct, on his return, and the good Abbé, to whoſe diſcipline my mother has transferred me over; I will fly to them for advice, and act as theſe worthy friends ſhall dictate.

Liſſetta could only retreat before her mother, who had ſuch an advantage in the ground; nay, ſhe felt much inclined at intervals to beat a parley, and make a peace by confeſſing that ſhe had been in the wrong.

The Abbé received from the mother, a particular account of her deceptious conduct—and from Liſſetta, the corroboration of it; but as for Mrs. Brun's injunctions, the only one that he laid her under, was not to believe too implicitly circum-

circumſtantial evidence; and, that he would himſelf undertake to ſift the buſineſs, for he thought the girl's ſtory wore the appearance of improbability.

Liſſetta thanked him for his diſintereſted kindneſs, and declared that his reſearches would be needleſs, where the evidence was ſo clear. The Abbé again requeſted her not to judge too poſitively, but rather wait till another delinquency ſhould confirm it, before ſhe rejected him; conſoling her with the advantage ſhe enjoyed over the fugitive Ella, who had unmaſked the deceiver perhaps too late for her peace.

CHAP. III.

DURING this position of the discovery, Mr. Edel arrived from the grateful Horatio with his thanks, and letters for his benefactors. The events which had taken place since his leaving Berlin for the seat of war filled him with wonder, and he declared it to be impossible that Horatio could have so worn the mask of deception; nevertheless, as he would be the first to punish, he would be the last to accuse, till there was the clearest conviction of bad conduct.

The letter Horatio had sent to Lissetta was read by the conclave; and the object of it, notwithstanding her anger and convictions,

victions, melted into pity at certain expreſſions in it, when her mother inſiſted that ſhe ſhould write a ſevere and concluſive anſwer.

Liſſetta performed the Herculean labour, and this was the letter which we have before ſeen occaſioned ſuch diſappointment and deſpair in the boſom of Horatio. The anſwer which he remitted, re-explanatory of the affair, never came to the hands of Liſſetta nor Mr. Edel; in fact, that was deſtined to be received by Liſſetta's mother, who, after communicating the contents to the Abbé and Mr. Edel, and aſking their advice, followed her own plan, which ſhe conceived would moſt effectually prevent any farther hopes on the part of Horatio. This letter he received, containing the pungent declaration that her daughter's hand was ſhortly to be united to another, in compliance with her requeſt.

While things thus hung in equipoiſe, or rather the balance inclined againſt Horatio;

tio; there wanted but a trifling circumſtance more to precipitate him wholly from Liſſetta's good opinion; and this now appeared in the intelligence which the Abbé had learned, that he had ſold the commiſſion Liſſetta had generouſly given, and was gone nobody knew where. "Here," ſaid the Abbé, "is the confirmation of this tranſaction: I ſhould not have ſuſpected ſuch a conduct if I had not obſerved in the printed liſt of army officers, the words John Fryherr, vice Horatio Heiligkeit. Unwilling to condemn the favourite of this lovely girl, I proceeded with delicacy, and wrote a polite note to Mr. Fryherr, requeſting ſimply to know if my information was correct, and what route he had taken: the letter I have in my hand is the anſwer, and confirms the ſale of the commiſſion, and an aſſurance that he propoſed going to Denmark. Hitherto," continued the Abbé, "I have endeavoured to defend him, but this laſt action

action changes the advocate into the accuſer."

Mr. Edel, who came in during the latter part of the converſation, exclaimed, that he felt his turpitude the more keenly, as he had beheld him with an almoſt inſtinctive attachment; that, if Horatio were criminal, the features of vice and virtue were impenetrable, and his own ſtudy of phyſiognomy was not worth a ruſh! that if he knew where he was to be found, he would unheſitatingly arreſt him, and let him languiſh in priſon for the benefit of unſuſpecting friendſhip.

Liſſetta confeſſed that this laſt behaviour had blotted out every trace of his name from her boſom; and that gratitude to the dear friends who had unmaſked him, and her own dignity ſhould fill up the place once occupied by affection.

Liſſetta, afraid, ſelf-convinced that her mother's diſcernment had been more acute than her own, and that her experience was a better Mentor than all the leſſons drawn

drawn from her own feelings, threw herſelf into her arms, and confeſſed that ſhe would have no other will but that of her mother and the Abbé. Mrs. Brun was herſelf aſtoniſhed at the young obſtinate's condeſcenſion, and ſcarcely believed it real, till a ſecond aſſurance placed her miraculous conformity in a ſtrong poſition.

Liſſetta, while thus a prey to her firſt hopeleſs paſſion, was but ill prepared either to grant or to reſiſt the introduction of another.

The Abbé had frequently obſerved to the mother, that if at any time circumſtances ſhould ariſe to cruſh that preſentiment which he ſuſpected laid hid in the breaſt of Liſſetta for the ſoldier, (for he never avowed that perfect confidence which he poſſeſſed of Liſſetta's ſecret inclination) he could propoſe a perſon who doated on her daughter, and whoſe love was above the paltry conſideration of her fortune, and which he would only poſſeſs

that

that he might transfer a portion of it to ſuch a prudent and amiable mother as herſelf.

" Pray," ſaid the old lady, " who may this gentleman be ; I am ſure your piety will be my protection."

" I am not permitted at preſent to expoſe his name, unleſs you are willing to forward his ſuit: moreover, my dear lady, you have a great eſteem for him, and I do not think he is diſagreeable to Liſſetta : in ſhort, could the project be brought to a concluſion, I ſhould feel the bleſſing conferred on my friend as a debt eternally due from myſelf."

" This is the very matter," ſaid the mother, " which I have wanted all along to have done. To be ſure her father did not leave me with much, and this is in in your friend's favour, that I love generoſity myſelf, and I make no doubt that if he uſe me ſo liberally, he cannot make a bad huſband !—Then what is his profeſſion ?"

" He

" He is in the church !"

" In the church !—But our holy church does not allow its prieſts to marry."

" True—but it does not confine any one to its ſervice."

" Well," ſaid the old lady, " the holy Virgin will forgive the change when it is for the benefit of one of her faithful ſervants: I, therefore, do agree that I will recommend the young ſuitor upon the above conditions, and appoint an interview with him as early as convenient."

" Then let it be to-morrow afternoon," ſaid the Abbé, " and I will introduce him. In the mean time you can prepare the mind of Liſſetta, and I will talk with her on the wiſh you have expreſſed, and the obligation ſhe is under to ſecond it."

The Abbé then retired, and gave an opportunity to the mother, in the courſe of the evening, to inform Liſſetta that ſhe was about to call upon her for the exerciſe of that dutiful ſubmiſſion which ſhe had promiſed; that ſhe had hitherto found her

her own choice in a huſband prove wretched and diſgraceful, and ſhe was to-morrow afternoon to introduce a lover of the Abbé's recommendation, who had long eſteemed her, and would ſacrifice even the duties of his ſacred profeſſion to protect her from inſult, and render her happy;—all that ſhe therefore required was, that ſhe would not obſtinately reject an offer that came with ſuch a valuable recommendation."

"I will ſee the ſtranger," ſaid Liſſetta; "but I will not promiſe to make him miſtreſs of my heart before I am in the entire poſſeſſion of it myſelf."

The next morning ſhe viſited the convent, and there converſed with the Abbé on all the circumſtances which ſhe had received from her mother. She intreated to know who the friend was whom he meant to introduce, and would yield up ſo much for her. The Abbé put a negative upon all her queſtions, but aſſured her that her own heart would admit, when he was intro-

introduced in the afternoon, that he was deſerving of both her love and friendſhip; and that, as a convincing proof of it, he was at this time undertaking a hazardous expedition to ſnatch the ruined and wretched Ella from her raviſher, and reſtore to herſelf the object whoſe loſs ſhe had ſo long regretted.

"Ah!" ſaid Liſſetta, graſping his hand, "he can do nothing that will go ſo near to warp my prejudices in his favour. The man who performs ſuch a generous action will indeed deſerve the beſt reward Liſſetta can beſtow: he ſhall perhaps poſſeſs her hand, but it will be ſome time before he can poſſeſs her heart."

"Well," ſaid the Abbé, "it is a glorious attainment, and worthy the ſtruggling for. To do good, and be rewarded by the hand of goodneſs itſelf, is a ſtimulus that induces me to bleſs the lips that utter the condition."

Liſſetta parted with the Abbé, and went home to prepare for the reception of this

his new ambaſſador of Hymen. She decorated her perſon, not as ſhe would have done for the gratification of Horatio, but in a ſtyle that partook of the indifference of her mind as to the event of the interview, though her curioſity was much excited to the object of ſuch ſtrong recommendation. Every thing was in its proper order, and the tea time had nearly arrived, when a faſhionable rap at the door announced the ſtranger. Liſſetta caught the glimpſe of an officer's dreſs, in paſſing the window, and her heart ſunk within her at the ſuppoſition that it was Horatio; but the myſtery ſoon unfolded itſelf; it was Mr. Edel and the worthy Abbé, who appeared in regimentals, armed at all points for conqueſts, either in the fields of Mars or Venus.

"Moſt excellent young lady," ſaid Mr. Edel, "my heart bleeds when it cloſes upon Horatio, and in compliance with the requeſt of the Abbé—with the laws of delicacy and equity, introduces him to your

your favour in a bold and unexpected character: let me preſent you with a better heart than the one you have loſt; whoſe goodneſs and benevolence we have all admired, and who will only throw off the ſacred gown more readily to defend its holy inſtitutions. I need not urge ſtrong arguments to your ſuſceptible mind; he has our univerſal approbation—let me intreat your's."

The Abbé flew to ſecond the entreaty, and placed his decorated figure at her feet, while he gently took her hand, and declared that he had long ſuppreſſed the warmth of his paſſion, panting for the moment when he could honourably, and without prejudice to Horatio's priority, offer her his life and affection.

Liſſetta withdrew the hand he held, and obſerved, that, though ſhe had been taken by ſurpriſe, ſhe was not to be carried off by a coup de main: that ſhe could not plant a new paſſion before ſhe had wholly eradicated the old one: that ſhe had not yet

yet consented to sign the death warrant of Horatio, until she had learned how he had disposed of the money, or whether he meant to return it: that marriage was a serious object while her heart was clad in mourning for him; but, if there were any terms on which she would promise at a future period to become a wife, they were the Abbé's generous proposals to succour and restore the lost Ella to her bosom.

The Abbé then rose and seated himself beside her: he owned that the conditions were fair and equitable, though they might be attended with some delay before his worthy friend Mr. Edel, or himself, could prove how Horatio had dissipate dthe money: nevertheless, on such proof being made, he should immediately claim the hand which he was placed by her mother as the protector of; and, in the mean time, continue his holy profession till that period. Mr. Edel was averse to any precipitation, while Mrs. Brun thought that delays were dangerous.

At

At night when they parted, Mr. Edel remained at the houſe of Liſſetta, and agreed, at the requeſt of her mother, to ſtay a ſhort time with them previouſly to his return home, during which, when the old lady was not preſent, the principal theme of his diſcourſe was the deception his phyſiognomy had played upon him, a ſcience he had ſtudied with attention; and, "Now," ſaid he, "when my theory is reduced to practice, the face in which are centered all the marks of a ſtrong and generous mind proves to be lined with vice. I hoped to have united thee, Horatio, to Liſſetta—but now thou art wedded to her contempt and mine!"

Horatio, during the tranſaction of theſe events, bent his route, with Adolphus, towards the old village of his infancy, at whoſe entrance we ſhall, for the better introduction of what is to follow, now ſuppoſe him to be. Buoyed up with the joy which would warm old Heiligkeit's boſom, after ſuch a long abſence, and the

ſupe

ſuperiority of his ſituation and connections, to the time when he had quitted the village; he anticipated the furrowed ſmiles of his patron, which were, in ſome meaſure, to cancel the diſappointments he felt from adverſe love. When a man has nearly advanced into the mid career of life, poiſed between the paſt and the future, and views the hills he has climbed and the path he has to deſcend, he fancies he has approximated to the garden of happineſs; but the farther he advances, it ſtill mocks his hopes, till he ſinks, at laſt, wearied in the illuſive purſuit, and diſcovers that his greateſt enjoyment laid in the endeavour to attain it. Such was the ſituation of Horatio at this time.

Horatio, as he penetrated through the village, thought it ſeemed as though it had ſtood a ſiege. The place, which he had once conceived of ſo much importance, ſeemed uninhabited, and ſunk into ruſtic inſignificance. His recollection, however, was too ſtrong to heſitate in the ſitu-

ation of the parſon's cottage: he croſſed the way, and, putting his thumb on the ſame latch he had lifted up many years before, he entered the old kitchen: the abruptneſs of the entrance drew forth a young female from the upper room, who immediately deſcended, and ſeemed alarmed. Horatio haſtily enquired how Mr. Heiligkeit was, and the juvenile houſekeeper faintly replied, that ſhe hoped he was very well.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Horatio, "I am glad of it:—Pray is he not at home?"

"No, ſir," reſumed the fair maid; "he is not at home: he went out the day before yeſterday, and has not returned."

"How?" cried Horatio; "not returned! and did he go alone?"

"No, ſir; a man called upon him, and took a bit of paper out of his pocket, which he ſhewed him, and then they went into the back room: in a few minutes after he came to me, and ſaid he was obliged

obliged to go with the gentleman, and he ſhould return again, he had no doubt, directly he could convey the buſineſs to a friend, which would be in a few days."

"And where is he gone?" exclaimed Horatio, impatiently; "tell me whom he is gone with!" and while he ſpoke this, he had imperceptibly taken up the large kitchen poker in his hand, which he held in a projectile poſition.

"I do not know, upon my word, ſir," ſaid the charming timid reſpondent; "he had the appearance of an unfriendly man: he kiſſed me as he went away; and I ſhed tears at the ſight of thoſe which I ſaw lodging on his cheeks:—indeed I could not help it, he was ſo much concerned at the regret he expreſſed in leaving me but for a ſhort time."

"Heaven protect him! but as for the villain who has done it," exclaimed Horatio, while he forcibly drove the poker into the grate, and made the mantle-ſhelf ſhake again; "by G— he ſhall feel the

wound he has given!" Then addreſſing the young woman he ſaid—"Don't be alarmed, my dear;—but—I know the man who has done it; and may this right hand never ſuccour poor Heiligkeit, if I do not run him through the body with it!"

"I am indeed ſorry it ſhould have happened," ſaid this emblem of animation; "for, if he ſhould not return, I ſhall find it difficult to act with propriety: it will be impoſſible to conceal it from the neighbours on the one hand, or to keep my reſidence on the other."

"Good heaven!" ſaid Horatio, as he turned himſelf round, "the room ſeems diſpoſſeſſed of its maſſy furniture, and nakedneſs is written upon the walls: it was not once ſo."

"No, ſir; I have often heard him deſcant on the plenty and comforts it formerly contained; but much of the furniture you miſs has been ſold to diſcharge a debt which was contracted in going after his wife."

"Ah!

" Ah! curſe on the wretch and her paramour," ſaid Horatio. " Fate there alſo cruſhed the only chance I may ever have of bringing them to puniſhment;—but go on, my dear."

" The only perſon whom he has always ſpoke of with pleaſure, is a young man whom he brought up from a child, and who is now a ſoldier in the army: he has been the theme of many an evening's amuſement, and the hope that has brightened many of his heavy hours."

" Happy Horatio!" exclaimed our hero; " unhappy parent!—I will preſerve him, at all events; my liberty ſhall be yielded up for his, if the miſcreant who has impriſoned him will accept the change!—My good girl," continued Horatio, " how dull you are, that you do not conceive that I am the child he ſpake of—that I am the ſoldier—the ſubject of his eſteem, and that his happineſs is attached to mine!—My weakneſs is the effect of

his goodneſs," and while he ſaid this, he turned his face towards the window, exclaiming, " but it is by other emotions than theſe, I muſt relieve him."

CHAP. IV.

HORATIO, when he had paſſed the effect which the unexpected intelligence had produced on him, took a turn into the garden, where he had raiſed many a ſhew of the humbleſt flowers: it was overrun with weeds, and bore the appearance of the general diſorganization of the whole. The comparative view afforded him no pleaſure, and he returned into the houſe

houſe to witneſs a ſcene of friendſhip to which his boſom immediately vibrated.

Adolphus had quitted Horatio, and went on with their portmanteaus to the inn, while he had walked forward that he might enjoy the firſt moments of interview with leſs embarraſſment. A ſufficient time having elapſed, and his maſter not returning, Adolphus traced the village according to the deſcription he had received, and, on entering the houſe, the ſame charming girl appeared, and demanded the ſubject of his inquiry.

The lively effuſions of wonder ſoon burſt forth in her animated features, and was accompanied by a retrograde ſtep, which ſerved to give more force to the mutual embrace that followed. My brother! and my ſiſter! were the four words which compriſed all their eloquence for ſome moments! A converſation then opened on the ſingularity of meeting, in the midſt of which Adolphus had taken his ſiſter's hand, and was in the action of re-

embracing her, when Horatio ſurpriſed them: he was no leſs confounded than the relatives at the ſituation each party filled, and, retiring precipitately, deſired Adolphus to come to him in an hour.

The indications which mark the joys of love and friendſhip are ſo nearly allied, that it would have poſed a wiſer head than Horatio's to have diſcerned to which paſſion it ought to have been placed: nevertheleſs, as the ſituation with ſuch a fair creature muſt give the poſſeſſor much pleaſure, and there was no danger of any impropriety from the ſhortneſs of the interview, he had kindly determined not to interrupt a gratification which he yet fondly and anxiouſly hoped ere long to taſte with the faſcinating Liſſetta. On the return of his ſervant, however, Horatio interrogated him on the nature of the acquaintance which exiſted between them. Adolphus briefly informed him that ſhe was his ſiſter, whom he had not ſeen ſince he had entered the army: that he underſtood

ſtood ſhe was laſt reſident in a family of reſpectability at ſome diſtance, but he had now learned from her, that ſhe had quitted it from the baſe propoſals of a young gentleman, who had gained her affection for the purpoſe of betraying it: he, therefore, had felt himſelf doubly pleaſed, when he conſidered the joy the diſcovery would give to his old father, who had for a long time paſt conſidered her as abandoned and unworthy: that his father had taken a long journey to bring her home, but ſhe had fled from him, and, never having heard from her ſince, her conduct had clearly evinced that ſhe meant to live in the criminal indulgence of diſhonour. It is now a long period ſince his father had ſeen her, and the agreeable information he ſhould inſtantly take an opportunity of conveying.

"You are right," ſaid Horatio, "to fulfil your filial reſpect without delay, but I have a propoſal which I think will increaſe the felicity of all. While I jour-

ney to another deſtination, you may deliver your information in perſon to your father, and then agree on the beſt plan to conduct her home. By the time of your return, Mr. Heiligkeit will have returned, and there will be no impediment to her leaving his houſe."

Adolphus ſincerely thanked Horatio for his attentive kindneſs, and loſt no time in the execution of his journey. Without hinting his intention, therefore, to his ſiſter, he excuſed himſelf to her for his abſence, and took an affectionate farewell.

Horatio, when his ſervant had departed, reſolved to have an interview with Roſella, and to enquire of her the explanation of ſome particulars which Adolphus had not apparently been maſter of. When he entered the ſolitary dwelling, a bluſh overſpread the cheek of its lonely inhabitant: "Well, my dear," ſaid Horatio, "I find from his relation that you have found a brother, and have for ſome time loſt a father."

"Yes,

"Yes, ſir," replied Roſella, "he is loſt to me!"

"If," replied Horatio, "I can exert myſelf towards a reconciliation, I ſhall think my exertions no trouble."

That were impoſſible, ſir," reſumed Roſella; "having offended him and my brother by the indulgence of a paſſion founded in ſincerity and honour, the refuſal to relinquiſh it has baniſhed me from his boſom. When I was compelled to quit an advantageous ſituation through the imprudence of my lover, I placed myſelf under his protection until the parents of each party might be leſs irritated, or I could obtain another place; he made diſhonourable advances to me in my unprotected ſtate, and it was by friendſhip I obtained this peaceable and retired ſituation, in which the ſuddenneſs of my elopement has hitherto concealed me."

"Pray," ſaid Horatio, "where was his reſidence?"

" He lived at that time with his father," ſaid Roſella, " whoſe houſe was near Luben."

" Excuſe my queſtion," ſaid Horatio, attentively waiting for her anſwer; " what is his name?"

" His name is Henry Fryherr!" ſaid Roſella, with ſome emotion."

" Give me your unſullied hand!" ſaid Horatio: " you ſhall yet be a happy wife! I have it in my power to ſerve you, and to aſſure you, on my honour, that your Henry's affection is unabated, and of the moſt honourable kind: he was the laſt man I parted with; he has entered the army, a prey to the melancholy and diſappointment of having loſt your affection; and you are the charming Roſella whom he deſcribed ſo fully to me, and whoſe diſcovery has ariſen from an event the moſt unlikely to have produced it."

The doubtful truth quivered for a while on the lips of Roſella, and ſhe did not vow her ſubſcription to the intelligence, till

till Horatio ſhewed her his well-known name written on the receipt of the commiſſion. At length ſhe avowed the conſtancy of her affection; and that ſhe was ready to give abſolution to the repentant libertine at the altar which he had inſulted. Horatio immediately diſpatched a requeſt to Henry to meet him.

The publicity of Horatio's identity ſoon became known, nor was his pride ſuperior to the inclination he felt of entering the humble dwellings of thoſe few remaining friends who had pitied his rough treatment from Heiligkeit, and conſoled him with many a cake and a halfpenny. It was, therefore, to one of theſe he was under the neceſſity of imparting his intention of locking up the houſe, and conveying Roſella to her friends, whoſe ſituation by herſelf would be dangerous and improper: here, too, he alſo learned what route the parſon had been conducted by the bailiff who had arreſted him, and in what priſon he was likely to be found.

Having

Having thus arranged every ſtep, and informed Roſella of his intention of conducting her, and giving her away to the man ſhe eſteemed, he obtained her conſent to accompany him, on the obſervance of this honourable condition. He ſet off on the following day, and his old friends had aſſembled to heap upon him, and his lovely bride their beſt wiſhes and reſpects—a conception which was eaſily formed from her leaving the village with him, and as readily propagated. The journey was not long before they arrived at the rendezvous Horatio had appointed, where he depoſited Roſella in the charge of the landlord; her pleaſant and ſenſible demeanour through their journey had convinced him, that, if Mr. Fryherr was not likely to have a harveſt of wealth, he was ſure of an abundant and perpetual crop of beauty and happineſs with his fair bride.

Mr. Fryherr, who was now entering into winter quarters, readily obtained leave of

of abſence, and ſet off. When he beheld Horatio, the animation of his countenance darted its cauſes into the agitated mind of Henry, whoſe firſt queſtion was, if he had ſeen or heard of Roſella: —

"I have ſeen her," ſaid Horatio, "and ſhe is ſhortly to be married!"

"Married!" exclaimed Mr. Fryherr; "why do you mock me with the intelligence!—Married—Impoſſible!"

"Ay, but it muſt be poſſible!" ſaid Horatio; "or I ſhall forfeit my honour, —and you are to be the bridegroom!"

Mr. Fryherr readily ſeconded the joke, and profuſely loaded him with bleſſings and offers of ſervice. His anxiety to ſee the beautiful and faithful Roſella became redoubled from the animating deſcription of Horatio, who ſtated the conditions only on which he would put her in his poſſeſſion; theſe he ſubſcribed to, and Horatio immediately conducted the lovers to an interview, the ſenſations of which may be heightened by all the embelliſh-

ments

ments of language, and not exceed the intereſting and tender ſituations of the happy party; it was the re-union of a long interrupted affection, and was marked with the equal conceſſions of high and generous minds. Horatio united their hands, and congratulated them on the proximity of their happineſs. The remainder of the day paſſed in the delightful compariſon of the preſent moments with the adverſe ones they had experienced, and in inſtructive converſation. Horatio before parting with Roſella, delicately hinted that buſineſs of the greateſt urgency demanded his preſence another way, and requeſted that the morrow might be appropriated to the ſacred connubial ceremony, preparatory to which Henry had procured the neceſſary documents on his route. The following morning, therefore, they quitted the inn, and turned off to the firſt convenient matrimonial ſpire: they put up at the ſkirts of the village, while

while Horatio walked forward to acquaint the miniſter.

After Mr. Fryherr and Roſella had been preſented at the bar of the ſacred houſe, the indiſſoluble act was paſſed, which ſunk the name of Roſella Martin for ever into that of her lover! The parties then returned, and when their tender congratulations had been interchanged, Mr. Fryherr obſerved to Horatio that he had one more favour to requeſt, and which would not admit of a refuſal. Horatio was about to ſtate the impoſſibility of obliging him till his return from the curate, when Fryherr aſſured him that it would not interrupt his viſits to the parſon nor Liſſetta. "You have given me happineſs!" added he; "in return, take this commiſſion, and repoſſeſs it: it has beſtowed new life on me, and it will provide for you. The reſpect I bear for Roſella will prevent me from the purſuit of ſuch a hazardous employment; I can no where diſpoſe of it ſo much

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much to my ſatisfaction; and if merit were to determine between us, I am ſtill, my dear fellow, much your debtor!"

Horatio, though he would have declined this mode of repayment, did not long perſiſt in refuſing the offer of gratitude and returning good fortune. Mr Fryherr transferred the commiſſion to him, and the commanding officer approved of his return. The furlow that Mr. Fryherr had obtained was extended to Horatio, who took an affectionate leave of the married pair, and continued his route to the manſions of diſtreſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

WHILE Horatio purſues his route, we ſhall draw the reader's attention to a character in our dramatis perſonæ, in whoſe ſucceſs and ſituation we are certain he has already been much intereſted; we mean Mr. Albert Martin: he had received La Somme's laſt explanatory letter, in which he had handſomely apologized for his wrong concluſions; but had preſerved a particular ſilence with reſpect to Ella. Prompted by the opportunity of a ſhort relaxation from buſineſs, he determined to croſs the channel, and, paying his acknowledgments to La Somme, inform himſelf of the real ſituation of Ella's heart;

heart; after which, he propoſed to preſent his filial duty to his father, and conduct Roſella either to her father, or to England.

The man of buſineſs was pourtrayed in the expedition of Albert, who commenced his journey by the quickeſt route, and reached the town of La Somme in a week. As he entered Stettin, the touches of recollection became more ſtrong on the inward picture: the phoſphoric compoſition of his affection, though it had for a long time remained inert, yielded to the influence of the ſame air which had once fanned it ſo ſtrongly. He felt a ſenſe of fear and hope as he proceeded towards La Somme's houſe, the former of which was much augmented when he obſerved the half-opened gloom of the ſhutters—the dirty appearance of the windows,—the reſidue of much ſtraw, which ſeemed to have been ſcattered ſome time previouſly, and the folds of cloth tied round the knocker of the door. When the ſervant came,

came, he was abrubtly told that La Somme could not be ſpoken to.

" If he exiſt," ſaid Albert, " I will ſpeak to him: tell him it is Albert Martin, from England." The ſervant immediately returned with an order for his admiſſion to the chamber of ſorrow, and the figure of Albert knelt in ſilent anxiety at the emaciated vigour of his friend and maſter.

" Give me your pity," ſaid La Somme; " and accept my friendſhip: I have learned ſince my illneſs to eſteem you more than ever: I have no reproaches againſt you, Albert; they are due elſewhere."

" The happy moment in which I am re-eſtabliſhed in your eſteem," ſaid Albert, " is counteracted by the pale lips of ſickneſs."

" Yes," cried La Somme, " a ſickneſs which is the effect of a wound I have received in my heart from the undutiful Ella!"

" From

"From Ella!" reiterated Albert: "it is impoſſible! The ſoft, the gentle Ella, may have been deceived — ſhe cannot deceive:—to whom then is ſhe married?" continued the lover, whoſe jealouſy, by this time, had nearly mounted to its former zenith in the thermometer of affection.

"Alack!" ſaid the faultering tongue of La Somme, "ſhe is not married! ſhe is flown — has deſerted me for a wretch whom I cannot trace! The ſhock of it has overwhelmed me, and the channels of diſcovery ſeem for ever obſtructed. All that I have learned is that he has been in the army:—but, thank heaven, I find myſelf in a mending ſtate; and, with your aſſiſtance, we may yet be able to diſcover and ſtrike a docket againſt the betrayer!"

"Strike him to perdition!" exclaimed Albert, whoſe heart bounded at the proſpect of revenging the wrongs La Somme had ſuffered.

Before

Before Albert retired, he propoſed, during the recovery of his friend, to pay a viſit to his father and Liſſetta, to learn if any intelligence could be collected from them, and, whatever the event might be, to proceed with him in the purſuit of the fugitive.

When he arrived at the farm, the fondneſs of a parent burſt forth in the honeſt expreſſions of welcome. The ſhades had been diſperſed under which La Somme had clouded his character, and Martin could now preſs him to his boſom as the worthy deſcendant of their irreproachable family name.

"Irreproachable indeed hitherto," exclaimed the old man, "but for the ſhameleſs conduct of Roſella, who has deſerted her father and virtue together!" Albert was about to enter into a defence of her conduct, till his father informed him of the tranſactions ſubſequent to his quitting Flanders, and which the favourable inclinations

nations of her brother could not parry with any certainty.

When Albert had enjoyed a few days with his father, he propoſed to walk over to Liſſetta, to enquire if any intelligence had been received, and to pay his reſpects to a lady whom, for Ella's ſake, he eſteemed. Previouſly, however, to his going, Fate had reſolved to make him the bearer of information, as well as the inquiſitor of it.

Adolphus had arrived from Grunen, and the two brothers met, after a long ſeparation: their joy was extreme, and when he unfolded the buſineſs of his viſit, the aſſurances that Roſella was virtuous,—had flown from ſeduction, and was even diſpoſed to return, but for the fear of her father's anger; the old farmer claſped his hands together, and demanded forgiveneſs of heaven for himſelf, who was the greateſt ſinner of the three.

The cup of joy was filling very faſt, and farmer Martin, ſeconded by the fraternal exulta-

exultations of Albert, now drank a libation to the virtues and beauty of his only girl; and praiſed the goodneſs and manlineſs of his boys, till it became neceſſary to continue the mental elyſium in ſleep. They previouſly reſolved to reſt two days, and then Adolphus and his father ſet off to fetch Roſella.

Albert's reſt, during the night, was agitated between the pleaſures of recovering his ſiſter, and the tranſition from her flight to that of Ella:—"Ella," thought he, "may yet be entitled to pity, and Albert poſſeſs her hand as the reward of his fidelity."

The following morning Albert made his entrée at the houſe of Ella's friend, and, on his explanation of his perſon and buſineſs, was ſaluted by the charming Liſſetta with that naiveté which prejudices ſo much in favour at a firſt interview. The Abbé was preſent, who complimented him on the high character he held in their eſteem. The mother joined her teſtimo-

nial to the Abbé's ſenſibility, by obſerving to her daughter, how thankful ſhe ought to be that the Abbé had detected a villain who would have betrayed her into a ſimilar ſituation:—"And ſure I am," continued ſhe, "that Mr. Edel at bottom had no good intention in recommending this Horatio, and always rounding off the points of his miſconduct:—but birds of a feather, they ſay—"

"My dear lady," ſaid the Abbé, "we muſt not judge, leſt we be judged: my ſituation, with reſpect to the amiable Liſſetta, is delicate; becauſe, on the proof of Horatio's further delinquency, I am to be the happy man!"

The old lady lifted up her hand, and, in an ejaculatory tone, obſerved, how bleſſed would be that girl who ſhould be united to ſo much virtue!

Liſſetta looked ſomewhat diſbelieving, and Albert could not entirely penetrate the plans of the diſcordant parties.

"Tru-

" Truly, ſaid Albert, " I am to return to La Somme in a ſhort time, and we are to proceed together in purſuit of his daughter; and what will prove rather uncertain is, that we have not yet fixed on the route: all that I have been able to learn is, that her ſeducer was an officer and his name is Sterndorff: my brother, who arrived the day before yeſterday from Grunen, is in the ſervice of an officer of the name of Horatio Heiligkeit, who has recently ſold his commiſſion; he has often heard him mention the name."

" Miſericordia!" exclaimed the Abbé; " this exactly agrees with the circumſtances of the officer who was laſt in her company, and whom we are anxious to trace; he is the ſame perſon who ruined the landlord's daughter on his march, and has alſo deſerted her."

" What is yet more ſtrange," added Albert, " my brother ſpeaks highly of him; and the buſineſs on which he has ſent him home, to convey intelligence of the diſ-

covery of a ſiſter whom we had ſuppoſed abandoned and loſt, in this inſtance contradicts what you advance."

"The heart of man," ſaid the Abbé, "is deceitful above all things: there is ſomething ſuſpicious in ſending home the young man without his ſiſter; why was it neceſſary to make a ſecond journey to conduct her home, when Adolphus was competent to the charge, unleſs to cover ſome deſign, as it ſeems ſhe is a girl of much beauty?"

"My reverend ſir," ſaid Albert, "you are loſing ſight of the excellent maxim you urged juſt now; my brother has ſpoken of him in the moſt reſpectful terms, (here the head of Liſſetta involuntarily turned round,) and I muſt think that the premiſes do not warrant your concluſion."

The Abbé heartily wiſhed that his apprehenſions might not prove true, and, after a ſhort converſation, took his leave. His abſence was ſoon ſupplied by Mr. Edel,

Edel, who now joined the party, and enquired with earneſtneſs, if any intelligence had yet been traced of Horatio.

"Yes," ſaid Liſſetta; "this gentleman's brother has juſt arrived from being his actual attendant, and who, by the circumſtances of his ſituation, is no doubt the implicated Horatio! but the young man ſpeaks ſo highly of his goodneſs, in the journey he has permitted him to make to his father, that it is a duty to judge on the favourable ſide."

"Heaven knows," ſaid Edel, "I would rather loſe my credit in phyſiognomy than his conduct ſhould be blemiſhed."

Theſe, although they were intereſting particulars, did not immediately affect Albert, becauſe no information had as yet tranſpired reſpecting Ella's retreat, nor did there appear at preſent any ground to charge the ſecrecy of Ella's abode upon a perſon who was at the moment entitled to their acknowledgments with reſpect to his ſiſter. The arrival, however, of his father and

brother, in a few days, from Grunen, proved that theſe concluſions were premature.

Borne down with fatigue, and curſed with diſappointment, Martin and Adolphus returned without the object of their fondeſt hopes. When they came to the deſtined village, they found the parſon's houſe was ſhut up—and his daughter was flown; the teſtimony of the whole village confirmed it—flown with an officer—with Horatio! As the affair was recent, they had been able to trace her to the inn, where ſhe reſted till Henry, as before mentioned, in company with Horatio, conducted her to church, but the utmoſt extent of their information only reached the alarming point, that Roſella had quitted the houſe in company with two officers, who were now explained to be Sterndorff and Horatio. Albert hurried over to Liſſetta, to acquaint her with the black reverſe of his father's journey, and ſwore that he was convinced that the betrayer of Ella, Liſſetta, and Roſella, was centered in the ſame man; and

and that he would himſelf firſt acquaint La Somme, and then endeavour to trace Horatio and his accomplice. Mr. Edel too, when he learned this farther information, proteſted once more againſt his phyſiognomy, and vowed that he would ſecond the efforts of Albert to puniſh and to ſave.

CHAP. VI.

TO return now to the diſtant ſcene we have quitted, it muſt be ſtated, that our hero, after the ſolemnization of the marriage of his friend and Roſella, who had retired to avoid the ſtorm which they expected would ariſe from their decided conduct, purſued his journey over an un-

even and unbeaten track. Quitting the high road, he turned off by a croſs route, and continued his progreſs till the night advanced upon him, and the moon caſt its milky light and ſable ſhade on the reverſe ſides of every object. A rivulet that murmured to the awful ſtillneſs drew his ear towards it, and the reflection of the moon's beam attracted his eye: a row on one ſide of leafleſs trees ſeemed as a barrier to the ſtream: its diſtance laid at an eaſy moonlight view, and the combination of ſolitude, water, and night, rendered the moment impreſſive and ſympathetic. His mind had ſtrayed into reflections: the highly cultivated unmeaſurable extent embarraſſed him with the queſtion, where could dwell the inhabitants who could conſume ſuch an immenſe produce. "Happy abodes of quiet," thought Horatio; "ſurely the inmates of the ſober cottage are as tranquil as the ſcenes which ſurround them! If the wealthy have higher ſenſations, theſe humbler

bler agents have more unmixed and uniform enjoyments: they are more the children of nature, and leſs thoſe of a high and vitiated taſte."

While he was thus drawing an outline of that happineſs which he thought reſided in every boſom but his own, Fate read him a leſſon upon the fallacy of human concluſions. As he looked, he thought he obſerved the figure of a female pacing a walk of trees with many quick and uneven turns: the diſtance was too great to diſcern little more than her figure; however, he could diſtinctly perceive ſhe drew from her pocket ſomething which ſhe attentively regarded, and frequently embraced. After ſeveral turns, the figure ſeated itſelf on a bench which was a few yards diſtant from the water; here again the ſame object was pulled forth, and accompanied by certain motions of the hands, indicative of grief and terror. The female then rapidly advanced to the edge of the water, and, having pauſed a few moments in the

uncertainties of irreſolution and deſpair, took the fatal plunge, and the white clothes floated buoyant for ſome time on the ſurface of the ſtream: the awfulneſs and precipitancy of the deed arreſted the powers of Horatio in the firſt inſtant, but in the next, he recovered himſelf, and, leaping his horſe over the hedge, flew with the velocity of Slander, to ſave or periſh with the unfortunate maniac! In a few ſeconds he reached the ſtream, and jumped in, regardleſs of the danger. He ſucceeded in extricating the inanimate form from the deſtructive element, and made uſe of all the means immediately in his knowledge to recall the ſuſpended powers, till the half-opening eyes of the proſtrate victim fixed upon the object that hung over them. The moon preſented the complete outline of his figure, and the female, on raiſing her eyes upward to his military hat, uttered a ſhriek, and ſunk to the ground. In this ſtate he took her in his arms, and followed the path which con-

conducted from the water: a cottage in a few minutes preſented itſelf, and here Horatio depoſited his charge. The good woman, on deſcending and viewing the figure, exclaimed:—"Alack! is it come to this! poor Lucy—thou child of mourning! what has cauſed this dreadful accident!"

The neceſſity of immediate aſſiſtance ſuſpended farther queſtions of curioſity, and Horatio ordered every medical and motherly aid to be adminiſtered: after ſhe had been placed in bed, and the danger of an immediate death had ſubſided, Horatio aſked if the friends of the unfortunate girl lived near the cottage: "She has no friend but charity, Sir: (ſaid the good woman)—Farmer Wald is attached to her from his daughter's recommendation, and it is only within this day or two that ſhe has been ſo very melancholy: — Stories always fly about, and we all have it here that ſhe has been croſſed in love:—but God knows!—In undreſſing her I have found this letter and ballad in her boſom:

the laſt has been lately ſung in our country, but Lucy was always heard ſinging it when alone, and would cry like a child, and exclaim, "Poor Blaiſe, thou had'ſt thy faults, and thy repentance.—I will ſing thy ſong of ſorrow, and pity thee till the world ſhall weep for me!" We have thought the ſong has been made on ſome young girl, whoſe ſtory is like Lucy's—but here is the ballad:

ATTEND, ye fair, who have an eye
That weeps for Folly's ways;
Your ſighs ſhall reach the throne on high—
Your tears embalm poor Blaiſe.

Full many a mile from this lone vill,
She dwelt without a ſtain;
Her days, if trac'd by good or ill,
Were farther yet from pain.

As cloudleſs as the ſummer morn
Aroſe and ſet each day;—
Her cheek of roſe conceal'd no thorn,
No flow'r look'd half ſo gay.

Juſt as the tranquil ſtream glides on,
Emboſſ'd with margin'd flow'r's,
Whole years of innocence have gone—
Poor Blaiſe's happier hours.

Her

Her father was a wealthy man;
Her bleſſing was his pray'r;
His tenderneſs each want outran,
For ſhe was all his care:

Was all his pride, till, hapleſs hour!
Love ſtole into her breaſt;—
Turn'd all his honied portion ſour,
And poiſon'd Blaiſe's reſt.

Two ſuitors came,—the firſt a youth
In honeſt feelings bold;
No wealth had he—but then his truth,
His heart, were more than gold.

Her father lov'd him—ſimple maid,
The laſt was all thy care;
He gain'd thy love, and then betray'd
Thine honour to deſpair.

Awhile the rev'ling joys of ſenſe
Repell'd the doubting mind,
Till Time, that ſifts each dark pretence,
Prov'd all his vows were wind.

Diſtracted—wild—from Virtue's eye
She fled to hide her ſin;
But ah! in vain—for who can fly
The monitor within!
Her father ſearch'd through hill and dale,
Till, agoniz'd, oppreſſ'd,
He join'd the melancholy tale,
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

His corpſe was buried in that place
Where Blaiſe heav'd many a ſigh,
Unknown to every friendly trace
But heav'n's all-piercing eye.

No cautious tongue to Blaiſe denied
This tenant of the tomb:—
"I'll be his monody!" ſhe cried;
"One ſtone ſhall tell our doom:

"Ah, wretched Blaiſe, to ſtay thy fate,
"Thy father's gone before—
"To cloſe on thee Deſtruction's gate,
"And open Mercy's door.

"Here, drooping, 'neath the willow tree,
"Diſtilling many a tear,
"I'll watch that form which once lov'd me,
"And make his earth my bier."

Thus, like the penſive widow'd dove,
She mourn'd, till one ſad day,
The ſpirit ſought its parent love,
The mortal join'd his clay.

Then Maidens all, who hear my ſong,
Before it be too late,
Be cautious while Suſpicion's young,
And ſhun poor Blaiſe's fate.

The letter Horatio took charge of till Lucy was appriſed of it, as it might contain particulars

particulars ſhe might chuſe to have concealed. He remained in the cottage during this night, and the next morning reviſited his patient, who was much better; before taking leave he introduced himſelf to her chamber, and, ſeating him by the ſide of the languid unfortunate, addreſſed her with, "My dear unknown lady, I perceive by the information below, that you have not been long a reſident of theſe humbler abodes:—I have therefore preſerved this letter from even my own inſpection, and have ſtated that you accidentally ſlipped into the ſtream. I will return in a few days, and render you all the protection and aſſiſtance a man of honor can offer. I do not ſeek to know the cauſes which have fatally conducted to this unfortunate ſtep: I only wiſh to relieve them, and if you feel a deſire to learn who it is that has been inſtrumental to your ſafety—his name is Horatio, a being with more fortitude, though almoſt as perſecuted and wretched as yourſelf."

The

The ſpeechleſs tongue no longer continued ſilent: "The great Power (ſaid Lucy) that will forgive me, will reward you for your kind attention.—I have truſted myſelf to an unworthy baſe deceiver, who has ruined my peace. Perſuaded by his abjurations and the honourable promiſes of his friend, I yielded to his villainy—but theſe are light afflictions to a wounded mind, compared to the farther intelligence I have received in the letter that laſt night led to my attempt of ſuicide; that my Guardian—my Father—oppreſſed by my ruin, and weakened by age and deſpair, is dead.—The intelligence was too much for a mind diſtracted by ſhame and diſhonour. I ſought relief,—I ruſhed forward,——and found, in the midſt of death, my life preſerved by your friendly arm."

"And may yet find comfort, ſaid Horatio, in the reflection that you have atoned for an unpremeditated and imprudent conduct. Lock up your ſecrets in your own boſom; you have only erred,—but not unpardonably

donably; for Heaven's mercy is more than commenſurate to your fault. Think of me, dear Lucy, only as a brother willing to—"

The heart of Horatio was too full to continue his honeſt profeſſions of ſervice to the agitated female ſufferer, as yet placed in the middle path between life and death: and he retired after preſſing her hand, laden with her benedictions and requeſts not to make it long before he returned.

When Horatio alighted, the ſafety of his horſe was only an after conſideration, which might have been altogether ſpared, for when he diſpatched a meſſenger to recover it, the animal was gone with his ſaddle bags.—Another neceſſary precaution too occurred in the changing of his wet cloaths, which were ſupplied out of the farmer's beſt Sunday wardrobe, and metamorphoſed him into the appearance of a young farmer. He left his own dreſs in the cottager's poſſeſſion, giving an eaſy proof of his reſpectability, by depoſitng ſufficient to defray the expences

expences which might occur till his return. Accoutered thus on one of the farmer's beſt looking horſes, he ſet forward more intent on the purport of his route, than the appearance it bore in the eye of criticiſm or faſhion.

Horatio arrived at length after ſo many interruptions, at the accompliſhment of one part of his two act piece,—his journey to Heiligkeit and Liſſetta. He had no difficulty in the capital, in finding out the priſon where his father was concealed. Having mounted up one pair, to a back dark place, and tapped at the door, which admitted him into the room, he ruſhed impetuouſly to the ſhrunk form of old Heiligkeit, and preſſed him in his ſinewy embrace; when he withdrew from the firſt impulſe, he ſtill retained poſſeſſion of both his hands, and with a tear rolling down his cheek, ſaid "Horatio you ſee is come at laſt,—— come to receive your bleſſing — to weep with you, and liberate you, my ineſtimable worthy father."

The

The old curate who was not fortified to ſtand the ſhock, and more eſpecially from the difference of garb, the length of time ſince he had ſeen him, and his ſudden appearance, experienced for an interval a ſort of mental inanity. A moment of relief diſſipated the convulſive ſurpriſe, and he exclaimed, "Who is it that is glad to ſee me—the impriſoned Heileigkeit? I think I ſhould recollect that———"

"That it is your Horatio! *Tamen hic vivit!*"

"So it is," ſaid the old man, and he forcibly threw himſelf into the arms of his foſter ſon.

When the demonſtration of joy had ebbed a little, the tokens of his ſituation began to flow down his venerable face, as he ſurveyed the height, breadth, and length, of his kitchen, parlour, and bed room, compriſed in a cube of three yards. "There is but little liberty here! (ſaid the Curate) all that I enjoy is the liberty of crying and thinking."

"This, (ſaid the ſympathetic Horatio,) is a melancholy gratification: but, never mind! I have

I have come to remove your ſhackles, and to convey you back to the peaceable old manſion." "Impoſſible!" ſaid Heilegkeit; "domeſtic comfort fled with my wife—her treachery, her elopement, have ruined my happineſs—but I feel no reproach. My ſon,—he is not mine! has cruelly impriſoned me for the note I accepted: and I have ſent an order yeſterday to make away with my deareſt companions---the friends of all my diſquietudes,—who have aſſiſted me in pioneering through this earthly pilgrimage." "What friends and companions? I thought you were without theſe balmy conſolations!" "Whom can I mean, ſaid the Parſon, but the ſacred Hiſtorians, with Homer, Virgil, Seneca, and a long liſt of other men, whom I eſteem next to thyſelf." "Be comforted then, (ſaid Horatio,) they ſhall not be removed from their ſituations. I will diſcharge the incumbrance, and heap my execrations on him who would diſplace them."

"You

"You indeed compenſate for the naughtineſs of my wife and ſon, ſaid the Parſon, but you know the adage, *humanum eſt errare*. Mean time, my dear boy, before you diſcharge my debts, I am anxious to know how you have raiſed the money—for I do not fancy this dreſs you are in; I expected to have ſeen you in a ſoldier's garb."

Horatio now entered into a long detail of the ſale and recovery of his commiſſion, and the cauſes which had given him the appearance of a farmer.

Heiligkeit was ſo highly gratified with the relation, that he inſiſted upon Horatio's joining him in a long prayer and thankſgiving upon his *own unworthineſs*, and the great goodneſs of Providence in giving him the will to perform ſuch *benevolent actions*. Horatio, who had not eaten any thing for ſome hours, had no objection to praying, but to faſt during the length of Heiligkeit's prayer was to *hunger after righteouſneſs* more than was beneficial to his

his inward cravings, and therefore he hinted to his worthy Paſtor, that he ſhould wiſh his firſt prayer might be grace before meat.

After the calls of nature had been ſcantily ſatisfied, Horatio touched on the theme of the Parſon's wife, and abſorbed the Curate's intention of praying and praiſing in this more intereſting concern. The affecting theme again grated on the huſband's ſenſibility, and he repeated to Horatio that the purſuit had been the cauſe of his embarraſſment in loſing his curacy.

"Ah!" added Horatio, "the Vicar was always more ready at precept than practice—but thy example, my good father, might have taught him better." While he ſpoke the laſt ſentence he drew from his pocket ſeveral bank-bills, which he placed in the hand of Heiligkeit, adding at the ſame time, that it was more bleſſed to give than to receive.

The perſon who had arreſted him was Litton, the holder of the note; but the clear demonſtrati

demonſtration of this fact might have eſcaped his notice, if parſon Heiligkeit had not ſent a letter to him, then at Copenhagen; the anſwer to which was brought back by a ſervant, whoſe character has been before introduced among the firſt claſs of worthies in our book.

"Ods firkins!" exclaimed the meſſenger; "I ſhould know that face as well as my own! Why, if you ban't Horatio, why then I an't myſelf!"

"My brave fellow, good honeſt Trag! how are you!" ejaculated Horatio; and as he held out his extended hand, Trag made the room echo with the violence of the ſmack.

"What! you have done with ſoldiering," ſaid Trag, "and got into priſon! —out of debt out of danger—but you ſeem to have got out of danger and into debt.—Nay, if it be ſo, we muſt help one another; and though my old father is dead, and happineſs and I have ſhook hands together, my hand is always open

to

to you. Since we parted, they drew me for a ſoldier, but though I thanked them for the preference, I thought it beſt to march off without waiting for orders, for its better to turn one's back than one's coat. Now, in this world it puzzles me to ſee how ſome get rich, and with the devil's bleſſing: — There's my maſter is ſaid to have got a mint of money by roguery: I was travelling to Berlin when he took me in his ſervice, ſoon after which he had his trunks cut away from the carriage, and loſt all his property; then he troop'd off his kept miſtreſs; and ſince that he has married another—nobody leſs than our young lady, Miſs Niederkoff, whom he met with at Berlin, and learning her property, he plied her with ſuch an ocean of flattery, that they ſet ſail on it for Denmark, as the marriage muſt be had before her money.—Honeſty is the poor man's wealth: that's enough—ſo let's know what brought you into this place. Horatio then entered into a detail of

even

events, and when he mentioned the legacy left to him, and the manner in which it had been loſt, Trag gave his forehead a ſlap with his hand, and drew Horatio to him by the flap of his coat:—"My belief," ſaid he, "that my maſter is the ſame man, and ſo it ſhall be my buſineſs to let you know further."

Horatio had now once more recovered the opportunity of puniſhing the paramour of Heiligkeit's wife, and he determined the occaſion ſhould not paſs by. When Trag had left the room, he intreated the parſon to commence, in his turn, a criminal proſecution for the defraud. But the quiet man quoted an appropriate text of ſcripture, and declined taking the power of puniſhment out of the hand of the Great Judge. Horatio, however, thinking that legal revenge was preferable to perſonal, waited in the courſe of the ſame day upon a magiſtrate, for Linton's apprehenſion; but when the officers proceeded to make the caption, Linton, his

new wife, and Trag, had decamped. This ſudden movement had ariſen from the unguarded joy of Trag, who, having drank a glaſs or two extra, communicated nearly all he ſhould have concealed on his reaching home.

Horatio, finding that he could neither pay nor impriſon Linton, depoſited the money in the priſon marſhal's hand, and received a diſcharge: nothing obſtructed the exit of our worthy pair, but the recovery of certain debts in kind, which the parſon had adminiſtered to the relief of one or two priſoners who ſeemed more diſtreſſed than himſelf.

"Poor indeed muſt they be," ſaid Horatio, "who would borrow of thy poverty; and we muſt be poorer than they if we did not forgive them our claims." Horatio, therefore, waited on theſe unfortunates. He tapped at the chamber door of one, and its inmate came out; to whom he announced the curate's amended fortune, and his intention of bequeathing him

him the articles he ſhould leave on quitting the priſon.

"As a chriſtian he exceeds my humble thanks," ſaid the debtor; "but as a miniſter, there is yet one favour I ſhould like him to perform before he goes: my wife died yeſterday; and if he would but read the ſervice over her whom his kindneſs endeavoured to ſave—"

"I am ſure he will," ſaid Horatio.

"Then," ſaid the petitioner, "while you ſtep into this room, I will enquire at what time the burying will be to-morrow, and return in a few minutes."

The poor man then flew down ſtairs, and left Horatio in the room, not indeed alone, but with a companion whom he was ill prepared to entertain. Horatio was ſeriouſly occupying the time in contemplating the very little that is neceſſary to ſupply our wants, and the ſmall ſpace in which ſome move through all their lives, nurſed in the cradle, and ſcarcely ever exceeding its limits, compared with

the reſtleſs errantry of others who pant for other worlds to traverſe, when he obſerved, on the ſide of the room, beyond the bed, a large deal flap ſupported by a ſtick, on which a clean white covering was laid. "Ah!" ſaid Horatio, "this is no doubt where the viands are kept: ſuch a damaſk cloth does not much accord with that poverty he pleaded."

Curioſity whiſpered him to inſpect his larder, and he obeyed her inſtructions: he ſtepped forward—he lifted up the extremity of the cloth—he looked for a few ſeconds, and recoiled to the oppoſite wall with affright and aſtoniſhment — it was a corpſe! a dead female body!—Here he reſted till he had diſſipated the effects of weakneſs; and then he returned to review the awful leſſon of mortality! awful indeed! for in it were diſcernable the characters of Mrs. Heiligkeit. He viewed the ſilent object of his pity, no longer in a capacity to injure him, for a ſhort time, and then replaced the only ſhroud that was

to

to cover her: it was a memento (a *vitæ res incerta*) of the effects of criminal indulgencies; and he felt all his former reſentment diſſolve into ſighs for her repentance and eternal peace.

The man preſently after returned, and informed Horatio, that he could bury her on the morrow, if the worthy parſon would attend. At the requeſt then of his benefactor, he briefly ſtated the cauſes of his marriage and her death. Finding her wandering dejectedly in the ſtreet, and enquiring for a lodging at a late hour, he took her in: he had afterwards retained her upon a letter of recommendation from a gentleman named Linton, and ſhe had ſo inſinuated herſelf into his good opinion, as to induce him to live with her: her enormous extravagance had recently conveyed him to priſon, and a fever, attended with inſanity, had in a few hours terminated her exiſtence.

Horatio concealed at the concluſion the knowledge which it would have been un-

kind to have revealed to him; and when he announced the melancholy catastrophe to his pious father, he received it with the fortitude of a christian. Before interment, they privately viewed the body, when the curate seemed resolved into a figure of woe: as his grief changed from silence to speech, he wept over her loss, praised all her good qualities, and sunk the bad ones into oblivion.

The following day the parson performed the last obsequies over the remains of his wife, and the just animosities of a husband and a son were for ever buried with her remains.

Horatio having now surmounted every obstacle which impeded his progress to the unfortunate Lucy, resolved to take Heiligkeit with him in his route thither; and if she preferred a retirement to the parsonage house, or to proceed onward in the route he was bending to the mistress of his heart, he was resolved to comply with her wishes.

Happy

Happy in the relief he had adminiſtered to the parſon, happy that he was independent of any obligation in the poſſeſſion of his commiſſion, and bleſſed with health and courage equal to any undertaking, he felt the conſciouſneſs of rectitude impel his ſteps, and he even ventured to conceive that the unfavourable impreſſion he laboured under would vaniſh before the unequivocal proofs of his good conduct and uniformity of affection.

CHAP. VII.

IN the mean time, while Horatio was ſpreading out to Heiligkeit the beauty, the accompliſhments, and faſcinations of Liſſetta, the marriage of the Abbé and

that lady was approximating to its ultimate point.

The time ſeemed now to have arrived in which the Abbé could exert the greateſt effuſions of philanthropy, from the diſintereſted motive of ſerving the benevolent ſympathy of Liſſetta. He had received a partial account of all the laſt occurrences which had taken place in the recontre with Lucy, Horatio's changing his dreſs, and the ſcene in the priſon; of his attendance on Linton, and his ſubſequent endeavour to apprehend him. Mrs. Brun gathered theſe particulars through a ſervant, a friend of Trag's, who had formerly been an acquaintance of Horatio's.

The intelligence was too important to be concealed a moment from the parties intereſted in it. The Abbé, therefore, was ſent for, and Mr. Edel ſummoned upon the buſineſs: after the parties were adjuſted, Mrs. Brun opened the communication, by lamenting the depravity of human nature, and the painful taſk ſhe expe-

experienced in having received a farther confirmation of their ſuſpicions: that the information, though leſs explicit than it might have been from the ignorance of the informant, was ſufficiently clear for them to penetrate through the concealments in it.

The hearers ſat a few minutes ſilent, when the expoſiton was concluded, and then looked at each other with an eye that ſeemed to demand who ſhould firſt pronounce ſentence on the ſubject of it.

"Fortunately," ſaid Mr. Edel, "through the intelligence we have now received, we ſhall ſoon be put in poſſeſſion of the fair fugitive; and while I conduct her to her friends, Monſieur l' Abbé can bring to account her betrayer. We muſt immediately impart theſe particulars, ſo intereſting to Albert and Martin, who will have a double turpitude to revenge, the ſale of their ſiſter and the ruin of Ella. But what ſays the ſilent Liſſetta to theſe convictions?"

"What can ſhe have to ſay," replied her mother, "but that her heart is too full to ſpeak, and that ſhe is ready to do juſtice to the man who has done ſo much for her both as a friend and a lover. Now that Ella is traced—traced in the poſſeſſion of Horatio, the terms on which ſhe agreed to reward the honour and purity of Monſieur Bernard, I claim their fulfilment from a dutiful and protected daughter!"

Liſſetta remained ſilent, while Mr. Edel took up the newſpaper which laid on the table, unwilling to decide between the relative appellants.

The Abbé hoped that he might conſider her ſilence as the affirmative approbation of her conſent to an immediate union.—Liſſetta referred the interpretation of her ſilence to Mr. Edel, and declared that her irreſolute determinations ſhould be decided by his equity.—All eyes were fixed on Mr. Edel, who, loſt to their reference, laying the newſpaper on the table, and pacing the room with a dignified ſtep and an impor-

ant

tant countenance, ejaculated, "How dark, and myſterious!—How profound is Infinite Wiſdom!"

"Tell me (ſaid Liſſetta) what agitates you?—Have I rendered you unhappy?"

"Read that paragraph," ſaid Mr. Edel.

Liſſetta read, "We underſtand that Count Graaf fell by the hands of Captain Horatio, an officer of horſe, (formerly a private,) in ſtorming a fort the former commanded.—The Count preſented him his ſword, before he expired, as a token of reſpect for his conſpicuous courage and humanity."

"My own feelings are too confuſed (ſaid Mr. Edel) to decide on Liſſetta's union at preſent.---I am ſure ſhe will forgive me a ſhort delay, and I claim the ſame indulgence for Horatio, before the indiſſoluble knot rejects him for ever!"

The Congreſs was broken up till another day, and the overcharged feelings of Liſſetta becoming too big to be contracted within their common limits, ſhe roſe, and entered

her own room, where they bore down all oppoſition; here ſhe wept a ſhower of tears upon that hand which was about to be extended to the Abbé, and for ever cloſed to the man of her heart.

The reader before this muſt have anticipated that the name of Lucy was only an aſſumption of that of the broken hearted Ella. When, at Sterndorff's deſire, ſhe repaired to Stettin, during La Somme's abſence at Luben, ſhe took from home all the jewels and property appertaining to herſelf: thence the pair proceeded to Berlin. For a ſhort time, while the paroxyſm of paſſion laſted, ſhe perceived no abatement in Sterndorff's love; but the accompliſhment of that honourable diſtinction which defies the tongue of malevolence was ever, from ſome excuſe, deferred. Sterndorff was abſent for long periods, which he aſſigned to his attendance on duty.

At length the alarming change began to take place: Sterndorff announced to her

her that his uncle had received intimation of his *embarraſſment* with Ella, and had threatened to renounce him if he did not immediately comply with an expedition which would require his attendance abroad.

Ella propoſed to accompany him; but this was rejected as the propoſition of folly: ſhe then threw herſelf round his neck, claſped him in her arms, and demanded piteouſly the explanation of his myſterious conduct:—when he meant to ratify the ſacred promiſe he had made her of marriage:—where ſhe could fly for protection in the *peculiar* ſituation ſhe was in.

At the end of this harangue he endeavoured to unlooſe the embracing hands of Ella, who clung the cloſer to him for ſupport, fearful of the ruin which environed her,

On his information that ſhe muſt look to herſelf, ceaſing to hold the form which had ruined her, ſhe ſunk at his feet, the fallen victim of deception. When ſhe returned

turned to the recovery of her ſuſpended powers, ſhe found herſelf placed in a chair, without a friend or an attendant near her.

Sterndorff! ſhe looked vacantly round to find him; but the laſt office he performed was to raiſe her on the ſeat, and leave her to the kindneſs of Providence. Abſorbed in apathy, ſhe uttered no imprecations upon the head of the ſeducer; ſhe reſerved theſe fulminations for herſelf; and ſat in ſilent meditation, when Breit, the friend of Sterndorff entered the room, ſympathiſed in her ſorrow, and undertook to conduct her to a ſecret aſylum, where ſhe could have another interview with Sterndorff.

Ella placed herſelf in his power, and was happy to ſhelter herſelf from the dreadful ſituation Sterndorff projected for her, by eſcaping under Breit's interceſſion, from the gloomy manſions into which ſhe had been uſhered. Relying on the kindneſs of the latter, he conducted her away under the pretext

text of bringing about a reconciliation with La Somme. Here the fatigue and anxiety of Ella's mind preyed upon her health for a time; and when the languid beauty of Ella revived, Breit openly declared the purpoſe for which he had placed her in his power. There exiſted no ſecurity from his ungovernable paſſion, and Ella determined, in chooſing between the high roads to repentant obſcurity or protected infamy, to take the former.

Ella was not at a loſs where to direct her flight: the harmleſs girl who lived in the houſe, informed her that her friends lived a little beyond Lubeck, and there ſhe would be befriended for her ſake. Here ſhe arrived, reſolved to live in ſolitude and ſorrow, placed at no great diſtance from the ſcene where her juvenile days had paſſed; but how changed was the innocence of the two periods! The exertions of her mind, in her pregnant ſituation, brought on an untimely birth, and ſickneſs, the melancholy attendant, viſited her

her with its rigour: at intervals deranged, it was ſome time before ſhe was relieved from her bed. By this time a ballad, evidently grounded upon her ſituation, had been made, and was ſung in the villages about. This ſtruck her mind with increaſed melancholy; while the ſecond appearance of Breit, who had obtained from his ſervant the place of her retreat, gave her another ſhock. He ſolicited her to return and be happy in his embraces, till the amorous ſupplicant, goaded by her keen and contemptible regards, informed her, that he offered her that protection which La Somme's anger and dying ſtate would never beſtow: and that if he could not reimburſe himſelf for his love and anxiety, he would remove her by force.

When Breit retired, the name of La Somme, whom ſhe had only viewed in the character of a juſtly enraged parent, reverberated upon her ear with the moſt poignant ſound:—"Shall La Somme, who once loved me, leave me to the world unprotected,

protected, and Ella not aſk his forgiveneſs?—Shall his eyes cloſe for ever, and not live to ſee the repentant Ella?" In this new view of her ſituation ſhe determined to acquire by ſome medium a knowledge of the ſituation of affairs at home. This the farmer undertook to do through a letter written to a friend at Stettin; and to this an anſwer was in a ſhort time returned with all the exaggeration which events are liable to when they are of long continuance, and the cauſes of them are aſcribed to mental diſtreſſes. This letter was filled with the blackeſt reports of Ella's abandoned and meretricious conduct; and ſtated that La Somme laid at the point of death, inſane, every one pitying him becauſe he had died for love of his daughter.

This corroborating intelligence, of what ſhe had diſregarded in the ſtatement of Breit, produced the ſhock which realiſed the maſter-fear of her mind. When alone, ſhe would, as ſhe wandered, wildly extend her

her fine arms to the air, ſpread her hands, withdrawing ſeveral ſteps backwards, as if retreating from the ſuicidal vortex, and ſeek relief from the deſperate temptation, in bending her knee to that Power whoſe laws ſhe was about to offend.

The picture of the ſhrouded La Somme haunted her at night—ſhe preſſed forward to embrace him, and kiſſed the pillow as a ſubſtitute for his cheek:—"Poor La Somme," ſhe exclaimed; "poor old La Somme is not yet cold—he looked at me in the ſhape of the white curtain juſt now, and when I went to touch him, he was not there—he was gone through the window, and I ſaw him in the ſky, like a clear tranſparent cloud, mounting to heaven!"

It was in one of the ſolitary walks which were ſo agreeable to the indulgence of deſpair, that ſhe viſited the ſtream where Horatio had ſeen the cataſtrophe, and ruſhed forward to preſerve her: what followed has been related.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE Abbé, it has been before obſerved, had propoſed, that having learned the ſpot near which Lucy was concealed, that he ſhould, in company with Mr. Edel, Albert, and La Somme, immediately proceed to that deſtination. On a ſecond conſideration, he now propoſed, that as there were two principal roads leading to Lubeck, and her eſcape might be effected by one of them, he would traverſe the longeſt and more difficult, while Albert and Mr. Edel took that through Stettin, and called on La Somme.

The Abbé received their thanks, and the friendly parties divided, having no doubt

doubt but of hearing of Horatio, as he was accompanied by the parſon, and bringing their important journey to a happy termination.

Horatio and his antagoniſts were now mutually approximating to the ſame inn, which was near the reſidence of Lucy, and the only one capable of affording entertainment to the adverſe travellers in that part of the road which the latter had paſſed.

Mr. Edel was certain that no perſons of the deſcription of Horatio and the parſon had yet paſſed; they therefore confidently continued their progreſs, and arrived at the ſame ſpot, for the ſame purpoſes as the parties they were ſeeking. It was evening, when their cabriolet ſtopped, and Horatio was at that juncture ſtanding at the door, obſerving the ſerenity of the evening, and travelling on in imagination to Lucy, and thence continuing his route to the end of all his anxieties.—La Somme alighted firſt, and Horatio had obligingly

ſtepped

ſtepped forward at his unhealthy appearance to aſſiſt him in getting out. Albert next deſcended, and Edel followed.

Horatio immediately recogniſed his faithful friend; and, as he advanced to preſent his hand to him, expreſſed his joy at their meeting. Mr. Edel drew back, and, while the hero of the ſcene was doubting the truth of what was paſſing, he joined Albert and La Somme, and they whiſpered together for a few moments. This demur on the part of Edel aroſe from Horatio not having yet changed his farmer's dreſs, and which operated now againſt him in the appearance of a diſguiſe. Albert, whoſe impetuoſity was not to be reſtrained, then advanced, and, with a bold front, demanded if his name was not Horatio?—To which the latter replied in the affirmative, and in an inſtant was aſſailed by the important queſtions of his three accuſers.

"Where is the wretched Ella! perjured villain!" exclaimed Albert.

"Tell

"Tell me where is my dear loſt child, my Ella!" ſaid the feeble pallid La Somme.

"Thou diſgrace to thy profeſſion, (ſaid Edel) where is the commiſſion purchaſed by the love of Liſſetta, where is the landlord's ruined daughter?—Where is Roſella? How will you remunerate me for all the diſappointment I have felt on thy account?"

"Where! how! what do you mean, gentlemen!" exclaimed Horatio.—"I know nothing of Ella—I have not ruined her, nor your child, (turning to La Somme;) I have not the pleaſure of knowing the lady; and if I did, I would ſcorn to injure her! To you, ſir, whom I do know, to whom my heart beats with emotion—to you I have every obligation, and to you only I will ſurrender that commiſſion you gave.—I have neither forfeited my honour, nor my probity; and while I forbear from reſpect to make the ſame inference to you, I aſſert, that theſe gentlemen,

men, who have thus accoſted me, are in a miſta ke."

"Where, too, (exclaimed Albert,) is my ſiſter, the girl whom you took from the parſon's houſe—where is the poor Roſella?—I have a brother's wrongs to revenge in your conduct to her."

"You are much indebted to me there," ſaid Horatio, with indifference; "I have conducted her to a brother officer, and they are happy in the poſſeſſion of each other."

"I underſtand, by the Abbé," ſaid Mr. Edel, advancing, "that you had loſt your commiſſion"

"I had ſold it," ſaid Horatio——

"And by what means did you re-purchaſe it," ſaid Mr. Edel.

"It was not re-purchaſed, (ſaid Horatio,) it was the offering of gratitude to me;—it was the free-gift of that friend whom I had made happy in the poſſeſſion of the girl he loved—of Roſella."

Deteſtable

"Deteſtable man! (exclaimed Albert) this explanation is but too plain; you have recovered your commiſſion as the price, the bribe of delivering her up! Infamous confeſſion! If I had a weapon, I would plunge it in the boſom of ſuch a character!"

"Remember, (ſaid Horatio,) that I underſtand not this mode of addreſs—I am infamouſly accuſed, and you ſtand forward as the accuſer!—You may yet know, that if Horatio has neither probity nor honour, he has one virtue you cannot diveſt him of—courage!"

Albert, when he had alighted, had taken the piſtols in the holſter, and at this juncture held them in his hand. Horatio advanced, drew one of them, and, retiring a few paces, told his antagoniſt to draw the other, and take the only ſatisfaction he could then give him. A few more moments of uninterruption might have precipitated the raſh youths into eternity, if the ſudden appearance of the parſonic Heiligkeit had not inſerted itſelf between the combatants

combatants, and requeſted them, for the love of the ſeventh commandment, not to endanger the ſafety of body and ſoul.

" Stand out of the way !" ſaid the voice of Albert; " if there be juſtice, Heaven will direct my arm ;—nor ſhall the parſon prevent his puniſhment."

The Parſon however inſiſted, that they were acting againſt law and goſpel, and that he would not be put out of the way, unleſs they fired at him: his reſolution was now ſeconded by La Somme and Edel, who ſeemed to have paid leſs attention to the preſervation of Albert's life than the puniſhment of Horatio; and finding themſelves ſurrounded by all the people of the inn, whom the buſtle had drawn together, they retired from the crowd to inveſtigate the motives and conduct of each other with more accuracy.

When they had entered the room, the worthy curate demanded the cauſes of their conduct to the young man whom he was

proud to ſay he had brought up, and was inferior to no one in the pariſh.

"Look ye, reverend ſir," ſaid La Somme, "we are unacquainted with your perſon and character; we only ſuſpect it from the defence you have undertaken for this delinquent. I came here to recover an amiable and good girl, (ſo I once thought her), whom I have tenderly brought up, and placed my happineſs upon. We have traced the man who has been privy to her ſeduction, and have found him to be the character you defend. Not only has his baſeneſs wounded my comfort, but it has blaſted the hopes of this young gentleman, who loved and paid his honourable addreſſes to her. His ſiſter, the ſimple Roſella too, has been for a long time ſecreted by his artifices; and at the moment of learning by her brother, that ſhe was at your houſe, he has carried her off, and diſpoſed of her for the purchaſe of his commiſſion. Unleſs you were a partaker in his

his crime, you could not forget the truth due from your age and ſacred profeſſion."

"*Audi alteram partem*," ſaid Heiligkeit. —Of his conduct to the landlord's daughter I know nothing:—I therefore diſbelieve it.—With reſpect to Roſella, if he has conducted her away, I know the motive will juſtify the action.—And as for Lucy, whom I have not yet ſeen, at the moment he is accuſed of the blackeſt crimes, he is hurrying to relieve her from the deſpondency of an eſcape from ſuicide, and I am going with him to cheriſh and comfort her."

"This (ſaid Mr. Edel) is the very purpoſe for which we have arrived at this ſpot. If what you have advanced be true, you will have no objection to accompany us with him to the place of Lucy's retreat."

"None in the leaſt," ejaculated Parſon Heiligkeit; "and I foreſee that you will have a great many pardons to beg of heaven and him for your ſuſpicions."

"There yet remains a long account to ſettle," ſaid Mr. Edel, "and happy, happy

ſhould I be to wipe them out with one hand, and embrace him with the other. The generous, the tender, the faithful Liſſetta—ſhe has been the dupe of conduct which he cannot juſtify—ſhe was the generous noble girl, who advanced the money for his commiſſion, while her delicacy made the Abbé and myſelf appear as the principals in that benefaction."

"Heaven bleſs her!" ſaid Horatio, ſtarting forward, "and while I am deploring the invaluable loſs of her love and friendſhip, may ſhe never know what it is to feel as I do!—May ſhe, when ſhe arrives too late at the knowledge of the irreproachable conduct and affection of Horatio, may the firſt galling reflection never return to embitter her matrimonial felicity!—Come, (continued he,) we are ready to point out the ſpot where Lucy is concealed, and to convince theſe gentlemen, by her own confeſſion, I am the ſaviour, and will be the protector, of that unfortunate girl."

"Ah!

"Ah! (ſaid the parſon, who looked at him with earneſtneſs,) he was, when young, one of the beſt of boys;—and now he is a man, rather than any thing unhandſome of him ſhould be true, I would rather ſee him an Atheiſt.—Charity covereth a multitude of ſins, and out of the multitude, I have not ſeen many like him—for I taught him all the Latin he knows, and all the virtue he practiſes.

CHAP. IX.

IN ſpite of the unfavourable impreſſion which had been made againſt the parſon, there was ſomething in his manner and ſimplicity that read a leſſon in his fa-

vour, and this prejudice extended itſelf warmly, though ſilently to Horatio; and when Edel beheld his elevated and open countenance, he was inclined to think his phyſiognomy had not yet erred.—His courage, his friends, his ejaculations for the happineſs of Liſſa—his tender expreſſions of ſervice to the injured Lucy, oppoſed themſelves to the evidences againſt him, and he anxiouſly wiſhed for the return of morning, to purſue their route to the farmer's, and to penetrate farther into the ſituation of the two parties.

In the early part of the morning, therefore, the travellers continued the ſmall diſtance they had to go, and Heiligkeit talked to them on the road a volume in praiſe of Horatio, introducing the cauſe which had compelled him to part with his commiſſion, and the noble purpoſes to which he had applied a conſiderable part of it in the liberation of himſelf, and the prevention of the ſale of his literary friends. Every thing ſeemed, from the parſon's loquacity,

quacity, to have turned the converſation in Horatio's favour; while the hearers, on the contrary, with anxiety, ſuſpended their opinions, till they had ſeen the object of their ſearch.

At length they arrived at the cottage where Horatio had left the young lady, and the boſoms of La Somme and Albert beat with a variety of paſſions at the interview which they had ſuffered ſo much to obtain. The whole groupe entered the houſe in ſuch a cloſe and earneſt manner, that it had the effect of creating no ſmall trepidation among the children.—La Somme advanced, on the appearance of the miſtreſs, and, with a tremulous voice, demanded if Lucy was at home!

"No," replied the miſtreſs; "ſhe went two days ago."

"How!" exclaimed Horatio; "it is impoſſible!"

"No; it is not impoſſible," returned the woman; "how could you expect to find her here, when you ſent for her!"

"By heaven, (ſaid Horatio,) I have not ſent for her! Who took her away?"

"Two men, (replied the woman); they ſhewed her a note from you, as I underſtood; and after diſcharging what was owing, they talked with her a bit, and then ſhe ſuddenly jumped into the carriage. I do not ſuppoſe that you would have been here again, ſir, if it had not been for your regimentals and ſword!"

Dreadful diſcovery! fatal ſpeech! it had its due effect even on Parſon Heiligkeit, who found his ſermoniſing upon the approaching vindication of Horatio all compreſſed into his favourite text, which was applicable to himſelf:—"Take heed what ye ſay." In ſhort, an univerſal ſilence enſued, and Horatio, who ſtood in the centre of the groupe, had a penetrating ray drawn from every eye upon him. La Somme's and Albert's hopes were deſtroyed, Mr. Edel ſaw a freſh and clear prevarication, and the parſon and his favourite ſtood the ſtatues of wonder and confuſion!

Horatio

Horatio, at length breaking ſilence, declared he could not inform them of Ella's flight.

"It is enough," exclaimed the friends; "we are ſatisfied without a farther inveſtigation, and we lament only that we have not the power to puniſh the delinquent by a ſummary juſtice."

Like two ſeparate bodies, the largeſt of which is fearful of contracting a diſeaſe from the peſtilential effluvia of the other, the two parties now kept aſunder. Each communed together ſeparately, and each reſolved to bend their progreſs to the ſame object. While therefore the three diſappointed friends entered the vehicles which had conveyed them, Horatio adjourned to reinſtate himſelf in his military dreſs, and was ſurpriſed to find that the parſon and himſelf remained only as *compagnons de voyage*.

"Let us follow them," ſaid Horatio; "we ſhall yet develope the cauſes perhaps of our groundleſs accuſation; and if we ſhould not ſucceed, your teſtimony and mine ſhall be ſubmitted to Liſſetta, and

to her will I ſurrender back the commiſſion ſhe gave, and which I have never diſgraced." Horatio then lifted the tottering frame of the curate into the chaiſe, and they purſued the ſteps of their antagoniſts to the firſt ſtage. When they arrived there, they were uſhered into the ſame room with their diſcordant travellers. No intercourſe paſſed between them, except the looks of independence and innocence from Horatio and the Parſon, and the frowns of contempt, anger, and grief, from Albert and La Somme; while the eye of Edel looked on the floor, and his cane traced out myſterious characters in the ſand. When they had refreſhed themſelves, each party gave orders to proceed to the next ſtage, and they continued in the ſame manner till they arrived at the laſt ſtage of their journey without any interchange of converſation, or the appearance that two rivals, contending for the ſame prize, were about to addreſs the ſame amiable object,—the Abbé ſupported by his religious and good character,

character, ſtrengthened by the teſtimony of a groupe of reſpectable friends, and the other, once beloved, but now oppoſing himſelf and the feeble parſon to a hoſt of evidences whom Liſſetta and her mother had the higheſt reſpect for.

Before their arrival however at the laſt ſtage, a circumſtance had taken place which it was perfectly natural ſhould happen, and was productive of an interview with the travellers, which, as La Somme ſaid, was balancing the accounts a little on the other ſide.

When Mr. Fryherr and his bride had quitted Horatio, they had reſolved not to proceed homeward: the new married pair therefore proceeded to wait firſt on Martin, and try the event of the intelligence Fryherr had to communicate. When they were within a ſhort diſtance of the farm, Henry alighted, and Roſella remained in the chaiſe till it could be known what reception ſhe might expect.

Mr. Fryherr, after introducing himſelf to Martin, told him he could inform him of his daughter; that he had come from the army on purpoſe to bring him the intelligence, and put him in the way of recovering her. The old man ſoftened the ſeverity of his brow, and, while he applied one hand to his head, with the other he brought forward the beſt armed chair, and told Henry to be ſeated, and think he was *at home.*

CHAP. X.

AS Mr. Fryherr proceeded in his brief narrative to ſtate the place of Roſella's retreat, and the virtuous motives which had induced her to take that ſtep, the

the old farmer's eyes gliſtened with delight; he drew his chair cloſe up to that of Mr. Fryherr, and while he proceeded in the detail, with the lungs of Stentor, hollowed out for Roger to bring up two jugs of the beſt tap. By the time that he had extended his detail to the generous and active part Horatio had taken in his daughter's happineſs, the ale had arrived.

"Now," ſaid Henry, "let us drink the health of the man to whom he has married her!"

"Ah!" ſaid Martin; "married her! to whom has he married her, and without my leave?"

"He has married her to one who doats on her!" ſaid Fryherr: "But if ſhe were here, ſhe could herſelf tell you that ſhe lacks nothing to make her happy but her father's forgetfulneſs of the paſt."

"When I find that ſhe is a good girl, and that ſhe can look me in the face with honour by her ſide," ſaid Martin, "I can refuſe

refuſe her nothing! Would to heaven that ſhe were here to ſhare my forgiveneſs!"

Scarcely had the pardon fallen from his lips, when the lovely Roſella, conducted by Adolphus, ruſhed in to claim the benefit of it.

"Father, forgive me!" ſaid the kneeling daughter.

"My dear virtuous ſiſter!" ſaid the joyful Adolphus: and there lacked but one to make the ſcene completely intereſting, and this character was inſtantly filled by the huſband, who ran to the ſide of Roſella, and placing himſelf on the ſame footing, (with her vacant hand raiſed in his,) exclaimed:—My dear beloved wife!"

"I am happy," ſaid old Martin:—"God bleſs you all together! it is a happy meeting, when I laſt expected it:—*Riſe*, and may you continue *riſing* when old Martin is laid low."

This was the moſt joyful eclairciſſement that Martin had ſeen for many a day, and the effect was brought about rather prematurely,

maturely, for Mr. Fryherr had planned her entrance in a different manner, though we may venture to ſay that chance brought it more perfectly about than his fineſſe would have done.

Adolphus was not at home when Mr. Fryherr arrived; he had been in the field, and was returning, when the ſight of a carriage in the road that led only to the farm induced him to look into it: he recogniſed in a moment the features of the ſiſter he had been in ſearch of, and mounted into the chaiſe with a mingled countenance of love and reproach, but the latter was ſoon chaced away by the circumſtantial account of Roſella, whoſe finger, encircled with the chain of Hymen, informed him that ſhe moved now in a new character, and was the *wife* of the man who had firſt gained her affections.

But one perſon was yet miſſing in the farmer's family circle, and this was the particular friend of Roſella—her brother Albert. Every thing as yet remained in doubt

doubt how his journey might terminate; and the husband of Rosella expressed his concern at the fate of the poor Ella, and his fears that they were mistaken in the identity of the person, if they supposed that his friend Horatio was the criminal party in that transaction. Respecting the sale of his commission and the discovery of Rosella, he was *sufficiently* informed to explain them in a different way to their first construction; and Martin suggested the propriety of conveying the exculpating intelligence to Lissetta.

The visit which Fryherr was about to pay to Lissetta was upon a very different ground to his two former ones: he had acted then a foolish part for a particular purpose; he was now engaged in a performance to serve his friend, Horatio. He was introduced, and the features of Lissetta, as she recognised him, and looked over him from head to foot, seemed to ask what ridiculous situation he meant to place himself in next.

Fryherr

Fryherr read the notice, and opened his pleadings accordingly. After explaining his motives on two former occaſions, and his love and marriage with Roſella, and Horatio's conduct in the buſineſs, he added:—"What could I do leſs for the man who had done ſo much for me, than give him back the commiſſion he ſold to me for the charitable purpoſe of relieving the impriſoned old curate: merit often wants encouragement."

"Do not add another pain to thoſe I have felt on his account," ſaid Liſſetta; "nor wound me under the excuſe of your former eccentricities: do not preſent me with a roſe encircled with briers! He has ceaſed to circulate in my affection, and the return of the ſuſpended animation will occaſion more pain than the ſtruggle of its departure."

Mr. Fryherr then poſitively aſſured the amiable Liſſetta that he had come there for the expreſs purpoſe of bearing teſtimony to his honourable conduct in thoſe tranſ-

tranſactions; and that if more evidence were neceſſary, Farmer Martin had the deponents in Roſella and Adolphus, to whom Mr. Fryherr offered to accompany her.

Liſſetta thanked him, and though ſhe did not doubt at all what he ſaid, ſhe wanted more proof. She flew up ſtairs for her cloke—flew down again—and againſt the remonſtrance of her mother, ſallied forth, ſeizing, without ceremony, the arm of her kind informer, and whiſpering to herſelf, that ſhe ſhould have more joy over the repentant and exculpated Horatio than over a whole hoſt of Abbés, with his Holineſs to vouch for their virtues.

Liſſetta could not reſiſt the joyful corroboration ſhe found at the farmer's, and lamented that ſhe had no means of conveyance by which ſhe could inform Mr. Edel of the happy change in the firſt part of the charge, and prevent ſuch a humiliating ſituation to her lover.

Un-

"Unthinking that I was, to pay a debt of gratitude to the Abbé," exclaimed Liſſetta, "when Horatio ſtill has a *bond* in *judgement* upon me!"

Liſſetta, however, did not long lament that ſhe could not convey the intelligence to her friends on the road: Mr. Fryherr undertook the commiſſion, obſerving that he was going to act a ſimilar part to that which Horatio had played for him, in removing the obſtacles which ſeparated him from Roſella, and he hoped he might have the ſame ſucceſs. Liſſetta's heart whiſpered Amen, and her lips thanked him, and wiſhed him a happy meeting.

Mr. Fryherr commenced his journey in the afternoon, and the ſame night met Horatio and Parſon Heiligkeit on the road. The two friends recogniſed each other, and Horatio bleſſed the chance which had conducted him at that critical juncture to their chaiſe. After a few words of congratulation, Horatio requeſted him to return with them to the next ſtage, where he

he might be of important ſervice to him in clearing the doubts of ſome gentlemen in the chaiſe behind, who had erroneouſly accuſed him.

Mr. Edel and his companions, who, when their converſation lacked of entertainment, found a ſufficient quantity in the conduct of Horatio, and his unfathomable impudence in his intention of confronting himſelf with the Abbé before Liſſetta, obſerved with much wonder the ſhort dialogue which a perſon on horſeback held at the chaiſe door, (Mr. Fryherr,) and his return by the ſide of the carriage. They all concluded that it involved them, and Albert had ſhrewdly obſerved that he perhaps was one of the perſons who had carried Ella away juſt before their arrival at the farm.

The idea was adjudged to be good, and by the time they all alighted at the inn, they had perſuaded themſelves that the converſation at the chaiſe-door with Horatio

ratio was concerning the manner in which he had diſpoſed of Ella.

When they had entered the inn, Mr. Fryherr received from Horatio the cauſes of anxiety which he laboured under, and which he reſolved by an immediate explanation to remove. Entering, therefore, the room where the friends of Ella were in deep converſation, he apologized for the intruſion, and ſtated that he had come as a deputation, at the particular requeſt of Liſſetta, Farmer Martin, and Roſella, to elucidate Horatio's c aracter as far as it related to himſelf. He then detailed the previous particulars.

" If," ſaid Albert, " you were any other than the friend of the man who has ſecreted the once irreproachable Ella, I could not withhold my hand."

Mr. Fryherr replied, but finding their prejudices too weighty to be removed, he politely withdrew, remarking that he was confident that the veil which ſeparated him from the friendſhip of thoſe whom

Liſſetta

Liſſetta and Roſella eſteemed would be withdrawn on their arrival at Frankfort.

"This is a ſingular contingence," ſaid Edel; "we ſet out to detect this young man, and every one ſeems in a conſpiracy to ſpeak well of him: I wiſh we may be forced into the confederacy. Ella perhaps may yet be traced by the efforts of the Abbé, whoſe indefatigable anxiety I hope will be crowned with ſucceſs."

"Heaven bleſs his endeavours!" ſaid La Somme: "I hate the religion he profeſſes leſs for his ſake: and I begin to think it matters little at the ſettling day how a man keeps his accounts, if they are but right at laſt."

The reaſon the Abbé had not yet met with our travellers aroſe from his having reached the concealment of Lucy previous to their arrival, and he had left word with the cottagers, that he intended to purſue the track by which, as he ſuppoſed, Horatio had clandeſtinely drawn her.

La Somme and his friends, therefore, in their ſlow and melancholy return, found the confirmation of the above particulars, in their progreſs, firſt in the perſon of Ella, and laſtly in that of the enquiring Abbé.

The chain of connection, however, on the third day became broken, and it was concluded that the purſued and the purſuer had turned off by a croſs route, conducting to Madgeburg.

Hope did not as yet deſert the worthy party, who reſted upon the aſſurance, that if Ella had been conducted but a few miles out of the high road, the Abbé would accompliſh his benevolent purpoſe. Having paſſed Berlin, they would have completed their arrival at Frankfort the ſame evening, if the delay occaſioned by Mr Fryherr's arrival had not changed their reſolution. This, however, did not affect the expedition of Horatio, who reſolved to make another poſt, and reach the

place

place of his final deſtination as early as poſſible.

Mr. Fryherr accompanied his friend, riding together in the chaiſe, while his horſe was tied behind. The route laid in a woody country of ſome extent.

They had not entered the foreſt long before they were met by a hearſe and coach and four, which ſtopped on the appearance of their chaiſe, and they received a caution to be on their guard, as highwaymen on the road had ſuſpiciouſly looked into the carriage, and alarmed them. The coach then proceeded to the inn they had juſt quitted; and Horatio, to be prepared for the attack if it ſhould happen, mounted the horſe of Mr. Fryherr, determined as he was well armed, to abide the iſſue: he, therefore, continued cloſe behind the chaiſe, that, if the attack were in the front, he might have the advantage of ſurpriſing his antagoniſts. While they are journeying, therefore, in expectation

of meeting the robbers, we will contemplate the ſituation of the parties we have a little before quitted.

CHAP. XI.

THE coach above-mentioned contained the Baron Helden and Lady Graaf, his daughter, who had been to obtain poſſeſſion of Count Graaff's body, and were proceeding to inter him with the honourable progenitors of his family. The fate of court favourites had awaited the Baron; he had riſen, and his influence and auſterity were now fallen. The ambitious Duke of Holſtein was a rival of the Baron in the ſmiles of royal favour, and he paid his court to the prime Miniſter through

the medium of matrimonial negociation. The Miniſter had an only daughter, and ſhe formed his domeſtic felicity:—the Duke's penetration ſaw that the latter was in love with his brother Guſtavus, who was in youth, grace, and manlineſs, endowed by nature in her beſt manner.

The Duke had pledged himſelf that his influence over his brother was ſufficient to remove every obſtacle to the lady's wiſhes; but he found, alas! that neither his threats of puniſhment, nor his allurements of protection, could ſubdue the antipathy Guſtavus had conceived againſt the union. The Duke himſelf expected it would be highly favourable to his own ambition; and, as he ſtood committed for the accompliſhment of it, it would, if broken off, involve his honour; he therefore repreſented ſtrongly to his brother the neceſſity of his compliance—but it was in vain: the independence of the one oppoſed the remonſtrance of the other, and the Duke was compelled to reſort to a truce

truce in the engagement of the affair, during which time he prevailed on his brother to viſit with him, if not in the form of a lover, at leaſt of one who was anxious to preſerve the appearance of reſpect towards her. Of all the female nobility who ſhone on the birth day circle, there were few that exceeded Adela for an elegant figure and a benign countenance; but her father was a rival of the Duke; this produced little intercourſe between the parties, and the daughter of the Baron might have married the public executioner with leſs parental denunciation than have fancied ſhe could approve the Duke's brother for a huſband.

They had frequent opportunities of obſerving each other, and the knowledge of the inimical ſituations each occupied did not transfer the family jealouſy to each other. Their looks always ſeemed to ſay, "We think we could pleaſe each other better than our protectors."

Their interviews in going down a dance, or the opportunities of ſpeech in the courtly circle, were always very ſhort—but they were always very ſweet. At length, when ſummer approached, the Baron and his daughter quitted the capital for their country reſidence. Here opportunities of ſeeing one another were forced into their ſervice, and which were leſs open to detection: they thought that as their converſations were held in the unfrequented paths and retirements of dame Nature, that ſhe would not betray them; but they ſoon found that her offſpring in the country are as buſy in their whiſpers as the circle of faſhion in town. Communications of their meetings were delivered from one to another, until they reached the perſons who were the moſt intereſted in preventing them.

The Baron laid wait for the young pair, and ſurpriſed them in the middle of their favourite evening's promenade: he conveyed to the young nobleman in very brief terms

term, the prohibition of his viſits, and communicated a note upon the ſubject to his brother, who, irritated and diſappointed, reſolved to preſs forward the match with the Miniſter's daughter. This lady was neither ſuperior in perſon, talents, nor taſte—nevertheleſs ſhe did not perceive any deficiency in either — ſhe had ſtrong paſſions too—and, as hope deferred makes the heart ſick, when ſhe underſtood from her confidante, that Guſtavus was attached to another—that ſhe had a rival—the languor in her countenance became viſible to her father, and he reſolved to preſs the Count upon the time when the marriage ſhould take place. When they came to an éclairciſſement upon the ſubject, the Duke informed the Miniſter that his brother had formed a connection which he would not relinquiſh, and that he could do no more than remonſtrate with him.

The Miniſter expreſſed himſelf in high terms upon this deceptive ſtate of the amour, urging that his brother had been

conſidered by himſelf and his daughter as her future huſband, while he had been engaging his affection elſewhere: he departed with a threat, which implied that he would withdraw from the Duke the intereſt he had promiſed him, and ſurpercede him in the poſt he held at court.—This heavy denunciation the Duke conveyed to his brother, who replied, that he never would forſake the object he loved, while ſhe continued attached to him:—but, if her conſtancy failed, all women were then indifferent to him, and he would ſacrifice himſelf for his happineſs. This anſwer was a poſitive negative, and the Duke ſaw without the Baron's daughter could be aſſigned to ſome other lover, his brother would remain refractory. At the court, therefore, among the moſt accompliſhed and faſhionable of the levée, was the young Comte Graaf, ſon to Count Ludwic, the envoy from Vienna, and him he fixed upon as a fit ſubject for his purpoſe: he hinted to the king the political propriety and the conformity

conformity in years and perſon of a marriage between the young Count and Adela. He mentioned it to the Miniſter, and it ſoon came with a royal recommendation to authoriſe it.—A demand was made in form of the ſurrender of the charming Adela to the Count, and it met with the approbation of the parents of each party.—All but the young lady conſented; and when it was propoſed to her, ſhe could only obtain a ſhort time to conſider of the beſt means of avoidance.—The event had effected the lovers equally; and their mutual danger made them reſolve upon a mutual interview:—this was effected, and they reſolved that Adela ſhould ſupplicate her father, and, if this failed, that her lover ſhould wait upon the Count Graaff, and ſtate frankly the prior claim he had to her affection.—Such were the reſolutions of prudence, but they proved too feeble to overſet the portentous union. Adela told her father with tears, that ſhe would rather die unmarried than be united to the Count while young

Holſtein exiſted.—Her pleading was in vain, and her only conſolation was in the hope that Guſtavus would, upon the receipt of the unpleaſant information, be more ſucceſsful with his rival. When he waited upon him, he did not know that his application was made to one who was as deeply in love with Adela as himſelf.—The Count admitted that he might once have loved her,—and if love gave a claim, he felt the ſame paſſion, and was ſeconded by the wiſhes of their families,—a reſignation therefore of his intereſt in ſuch a treaſure was an impotent requeſt. Guſtavus then urged that he was beloved by Adela, and that it was deſpicable to poſſeſs her hand involuntarily. The Count replied, that the preference of Adela was a falſehood.—In ſhort, the ſparks took fire; the fury of Guſtavus induced him to ſwear that he ſhould never poſſeſs her, and the courage of the Count would not ſuffer an inſult.—His antagoniſt poſſeſſed the ſame quality in the higheſt degree, and the conſequent

ſequent reſult was an appeal to the law of arms ſince thoſe of negotiation failed, and the following morning was fixed upon for the deciſion.

Theſe events took place at the country ſeat of Adela's father, whence the young lover was compelled ſpeedily to return to avoid the ſuſpicions which his brother would feel from his abſence. After his unſucceſsful interview therefore with the Count, he wrote to Adela the deſperate means which he was about to undertake to prove his priority of right to her hand.— He informed her of the ſpot where they were to contend, and conjured her to put up her prayers for their mutual ſucceſs.— Adela prayed, and wept all night, and then determined, early in the morning, like a guardian angel, to hover near the ſcene, and prevent the combat, which, with the aſſiſtance of a ſervant, whom ſhe meant to take with her, ſhe conceived might be eaſily prevented, as they were to meet without ſeconds: each of the parties

had provided poſt chaiſes in caſe of neceſſity; and as Adela approached the ſcene of action, her fears overcame her prudence: ſhe diſpatched her ſervant back to bring more aſſiſtance, during which time the brief contention was ſettled. — Adela alighted from her chaiſe, and walked forward till ſhe came to thoſe of the combatants, who were attended only by their drivers.—She proceeded then till ſhe entered the field of action, and here ſhe could diſtinctly aſcertain the ſhining weapons of the combatants.—She ſaw one of the duelliſts make a lunge, in parrying which the other fell:—ſhe ſhrieked, from the apprehenſion that it was Guſtavus, and ſunk on the graſs inſenſible. It was the Count Graff, who, in ſtepping back, had entangled his toe in a twiſted piece of herb, and in the embarraſſment received a thruſt which penetrated through the arm, and laid him at his antagoniſt's mercy.—His adverſary bore the bleeding rival to his chaiſe, and in his way ſtumbled on the inanimate

animate form of a female—of the cold pale Adela.—He conſigned the Count to the care of the two drivers, and took Adela under his own protection. Here an immediate flight became neceſſary for the ſecurity of the conjuror, until the event of the wound the Comte had received ſhould be known.—The carriages purſued a different route: the ſervant whom Adela had diſpatched had procured every aſſiſtance, male and female, which the houſe afforded, and they had the melancholy pleaſure of meeting the wounded Count on his return, and joining the ſlow and ſolemn proceſſion.

When Adela recovered her powers, it was readily conceived that her heart expanded with joy at finding herſelf in the arms of the man ſhe loved, and who had eſcaped unhurt from the danger he had been involved in for her ſake.—She liſtened to the voice of love; ſhe heard the propoſal of the young Adonis, that they ſhould elope together, and be married immediately—their ſafety could not admit of

delay.—Adela could truſt to his honour better than return to the embraces of her father and the Count, and ſhe depoſited herſelf in his hands.

At the approach of night, therefore, he directed the poſt-chaiſe to the firſt neighbouring village, excuſing its poverty for the ſecrecy which it might afford.—It was now late in the evening, and there appeared but one houſe open, and that could furniſh but one bed.—Here a difficulty aroſe which they had not foreſeen, and which no one but themſelves could get over. We ſhall therefore draw a veil over the imperfections of human nature, well knowing that the moſt honourable and generous characters often overſtep the narrow actions of little minds. The brave Guſtavus called heaven to witneſs to his ſincerity, and the half-denying tender Adela believed. The iſſues of fate were not in their power to know,—and heaven, which ſaw into the purity and honour of their intentions, ordered not its proctor to file

file a bill againſt the delinquents in its ſpiritual court.—They paſſed the night in ſecurity, and Guſtavus roſe early to provide for their journey through an unfrequented road.—Every thing being arranged, on the ſame morning they were married, and the ſecond night gave the lovers leſs apprehenſion of being traced. Guſtavus, on the following morning, mounted to the apartment of Adela, who was ſitting on the ſide of the bed, to inform her they might proceed: he had taken her hand to raiſe her up, when two horſemen entered the room, and preſented to him an order for his ſurrender.

"Leave my Adela!" ſaid Guſtavus: "By heaven I will periſh firſt!"

"It is folly to reſiſt," ſaid the foremoſt; "you are unarmed—you are a priſoner till we deliver you according to our order." Guſtavus turned round, and, with the tongue and look of deſpair, exclaimed:

"Adela! dear Adela! we are loſt—I am going——"

"Where,"

"Where," ſaid his diſtreſſed partner, "where are you going, that I cannot come?" He looked at the earneſt petrified girl, while he lifted up his hand in the agony of woe, and replied:

"I am going to perpetual impriſonment!" Adela heard the ſentence, and fell on the bed the ſenſeleſs victim of their mutual misfortune!—Her huſband quitted her during this animal ſuſpenſion:—he thought the parting would be leſs ſevere, and he kiſſed the lips that had a few hours before bleſſed him; he whiſpered over her—"Farewell, Adela—Guſtavus feels more for you than for himſelf.—Fate, curſed fate, may not always perſecute us:—but one more farewell eternal look:—And now I am ready, gentlemen." They deſcended the ſtairs, and moved on to their deſtination with great velocity.

It appears that Adela's father, on the fatal diſcovery of her elopement, immediately diſpatched officers in purſuit, who learned from the chaiſe which had laſt con-

conveyed the young pair where they had alighted. By diſperſing themſelves into the villages which the bye road where they had alighted conducted to, they were enabled to trace the fugitives in the manner before mentioned. The order they poſſeſſed was equivalent to a lettre de cachet, confining him as a ſtate priſoner for life. He was conducted to the caſtle of Olberg, and after the unfortunate victim had remained there many years, an account was ſent to the Miniſter that he was dead.

Adela was conducted back to the houſe of her father, amidſt his heavieſt implications. In a few months after the event, the Count Graaf renewed his addreſſes, ſeconded again by all the weight and influence of her parents. A fatal obſtacle here intruded itſelf, which the father had not foreſeen, and which he reſolved ſhould not fruſtrate the accompliſhment of his wiſhes.

Adela was in a ſtate of pregnancy, and the management of its concealment he left

left to his wife, who, when the time approached, retired to a houſe hired in a remote part of the country, and aſſumed a fictious name. Adela was ſafely delivered, and the Baron determined that the illegitimate offspring ſhould never be acknowledged as his deſcendents. The young mother was next removed from the produce of her love with Guſtavus, and they returned without a ſuſpicion having tranſpired of the buſineſs they had tranſacted.

In no very long period after this, the proſpect of ever again beholding the choice of her heart having wholly vaniſhed, ſhe gave her reluctant hand to the Count, who ſeriouſly loved her, and who vainly hoped that love would follow poſſeſſion. Alas! the firſt predilection was never rooted out from her boſom; their union produced no children, and the Count felt that his lady was his wife more in form than ſubſtance.

Lady Graaf and her huſband had proceeded to his reſidence at Vienna, in com-

company with his father, Count Ludwig: after ſome years, the war breaking out, the Count Graaf entered into the army; and in the viſit which Lady Graaf and her father-in-law made to her huſband, the exertions of the Counteſs were the means of ſaving the lives of the unfortunate Martin and his ſon, and procuring their diſcharge, a circumſtance too material in the former part of our work to have eſcaped recollection.

The ſhock which Lady Graaf experienced on the knowledge of the death of her impriſoned Guſtavus was of the moſt acute kind: her children ruſhed upon the ſorrowing mind of a wretched mother, and in her temporary fits of derangement ſhe related the awful ſecret which had been concealed from the Count. He forgave his wife, who had acted under painful influence; he expreſſed an affectionate regret for the deceaſed ſacrificed Guſtavus; and to the Baron he remitted his ſtern ſentiments upon what had tranſpired.

regret

The Count's revenge ſurmounting his love, a ſhort ſeparation took place, and Lady Graaf returned to her father, at Copenhagen. The Baron, ſoftened in his temper, and humbled in his ambition, liſtened to the requeſt of his half-widowed daughter, and permitted her after a lapſe of ſome years, to trace the ſecret retreats in which her children had been concealed.

The affectionate Adela accepted the conditions, and flew a day's journey into the country, to the perſon named in her addreſs: he referred her to a ſecond, and this referred her to a third, who conducted her to the reſidence of the boy, then a fine youth, living at the village of Grunen; the reſidence of the female child laid at a ſhort diſtance: but here ſhe learned it would avail little her ſeeking farther, for the man, his wife, and child, had ran away from poverty, and he and all his family had been buried ſome years. Adela, nevertheleſs, went to the reſidence of the man, but after the ſtricteſt ſearch, her efforts

forts proved ineffectual to trace her. Previous to Lady Graaf's benevolence to the Martins, the Count had found it impoſſible to live apart from her; ſhe had returned home, and, at the time of his death, was on a viſit to her father, the Baron, at Copenhagen.

CHAP. XII.

AMONG the ſeveral perſons who entered into the room where the Baron and his daughter were ſeated were our three travellers, Mr. Edel, La Somme, and Albert. Mr. Edel immediately advanced to the lady, and with the ſuavity and expreſſion adapted to thoſe he addreſſed, was about to enquire the ſtate of her health after the recent apprehenſion of being attacked, when he ſuddenly receded,

and

and ſtaggered, with his eye fixed on the Baron, till he reached a chair.

The Baron, ſeeing the agitated ſtate of a gentleman, was advancing indifferently to aſk the cauſe of his illneſs, while the pale terrified Adela ruſhed from her ſeat to the ſpace between her father and Mr. Edel, and, kneeling before the latter, graſped his hand, exclaiming — "It is Guſtavus! my huſband!—My dear perſecuted deceaſed Guſtavus!"

Mr. Edel felt his powers return at the recollection, and the inſtantaneous ſpark communicated the ſhock of delight and terror: he fell forward upon the form which leaned upon his knee, and exclaimed—"Look up, my Adela! Bleſs me once more with the regard that once charmed me.—Ah, Adela! ſource of all my pain and pleaſures;" and he felt the ring which was on her finger. "Your hands have been ſhackled—and ſo have mine many a tedious year! Perhaps this meeting may be again fatal! By heaven, if it be ſo, in ſpite

ſpite of dungeons and death, I ſtill love you!"

The Baron ſtood fixed—motionleſs—his eyes ſtarting forward on the affectionate re-united pair.

Adela turned her head round to recognize her father's looks, and ſhrunk back again upon the knee of her long loſt lover. "Protect him—protect him from my father!" ſhe exclaimed, while the Baron, after a pauſe of a few moments, deſired the obſervers to withdraw. No ſtimulus, however, was requiſite to impel an obedience to this requeſt.

The confuſion and agitation which ſeemed to reign in the area before the door drew all the ſpectators to that ſcene of action. This was occaſioned by the return of the chaiſe in which Fryherr and the parſon had not long before continued their route, the latter of whom was wounded by the men on horſeback, who had threatened the coach of the Baron. They advanced deliberately to the chaiſe, and

and with a caution that ſhewed that life rather than property was their object, a piſtol was fired directly at the ſide where Fryherr ſat: his reſiſtance, however, ſaved him from the death which would have awaited him: he was prepared for the attack, and bending out of the chaiſe window, diſcharged his piſtol previous to the highwaymen.

Horatio, who was in the rear of the carriage, unobſerved, fired at the horſeman on the other ſide of the carriage, who diſcharged his piſtol into it. A cloſe attack now commenced; Horatio drew his ſword, and wounded the horſe of his antagoniſt; which becoming ungovernable, he flew, while Horatio purſued. On ſeeing the iſſue of the conteſt, his companion, who was wounded, had retired for ſafety into the wood.

The worthy parſon and Mr. Fryherr returned immediately to the inn, and when the Baron underſtood the ſuffering ſituation of the old man, they immediately proceede

ceeded to inveſtigate to what extent the wound was given. This it appeared on inſpection had grazed the ſhoulder which was next to Fryherr, and was likely to be attended with no other conſequence than a trifling loſs of blood, and which a ſtyptic would ſoon relieve.

The confuſion which this incident occaſioned prevented the Baron from delivering either his approbation or diſpleaſure at the unexpected diſcovery of the exiſtence of Adela's huſband.

Adela and her huſband employed the few precious moments while the Baron had run out to aſſiſt in a freſh embrace; and he learned that he was a father to two unfortunate children, one of whom had long been deceaſed, and the other of whom was the moſt unworthy of him. Happy, nevertheleſs, in the diſcovery that each other lived, and that the trials of a painful period had not weakened the elaſticity of their mutual love, they would not have felt a pain to leſſon their joy, if the Baron's auſterity

auſterity had not preſented its frightful form on the one ſide, and the dreadful ſituations of their children on the other. Theſe were the only obſtacles to be removed which could corrode their happineſs, and prevent them from having in the years to come ample retribution for thoſe which they had lingered out.

Mr. Edel and Adela would have paſſed any event unnoticed at this juncture, which had not as great a cauſe for interpoſition nearly as their own. A circumſtance, therefore, was on the carpet which was ſecondary to none we have related, and to which they were ſummoned to deſcend by the all-commanding voice of the Baron.

This important and elucidating finale was contained in the arrival of Horatio and the robber, who had received from our hero a fatal wound in the abdomen, and which made it neceſſary, after he had vainly endeavoured to eſcape by flight, to ſurrender himſelf to the care of his antagoniſt

goniſt. Horatio had diſmounted him, and, as he was incapable of ſitting upright from the wound, he ſupported him acroſs the horſe, and ſlowly bore him to the inn with the utmoſt tenderneſs. When they entered, Horatio was covered with blood and ſweat, and there ſeemed a difficulty in diſcerning which was in the worſt condition. This uncertainty, however, vaniſhed in a moment, when the groans and contortion of the highwayman were obſerved. He was then removed into the room where Heiligkeit, La Somme, and Albert, were ſitting, and into which Horatio now entered. His hair having fallen over his viſage, which was bloody, and bent into his boſom, had hitherto prevented an examination of his perſon; but when they had removed the obſtructions to a full view of his face, a number of voices burſt forth in the moſt terrific exclamations: they were the wondering and confuſed alarms of our travellers. Horatio was the firſt who ſtarted,

and exclaimed — "Omnipotence is juſt! I have ſworn that no one who injured that good old man ſhould eſcape:—and, lo! here is one confeſſed victim of his temerity!"

The parſon by this time had ariſen, and in the affectionate language of his profeſſion, weeping, ſaid, after looking at him: "Indeed it is but too true! In his features I recogniſe thoſe of my own ſon. If he has given me one wound, I now feel another in my heart.—Alas! I am his father—but he has rebelled againſt heaven and me, and he is unworthy of being called by that tender name.—My ſon, my ſon, though thou haſt impriſoned me, wounded me! I will yet kneel and ſpeak peace to you."

Albert, La Somme, and Mr. Edel, who had juſt entered the room at the ſummons of the Baron, all declared that the myſtery was inexplicable, for they knew the robber not to be the ſon of the Parſon, but an Abbé in the convent of St. Juliers, where he was well known in the family of Mrs. Brun.

This

This teſtimony had ſcarcely been uttered a moment before it was contradicted by the Baron and Lady Graaf, who, in an agony of grief, aſſerted that he was her ſon, the miſerable offspring of herſelf and her huſband, Guſtavus. She took his hand, —ſhe wept on it; and called heaven to witneſs that her conſcience ſtood acquitted, from the time ſhe had taken him from the village of Grunen, of having ceaſed to amend his unfilial and immoral diſpoſition.

The good parſon was about to kneel by the ſide of the proſtrate man, who was on the floor, and to lift up his arm in the act of prayer, when the diſtorted wretch waved his hand to obtain more room, and, opening his half-cloſed eye-lids, ſurveyed the attendants, and ſhrank at the ſight of the feeling intereſted ſpectators. After a ſhort interval, in which the ſtruggles of a mind and body equally tortured by their peculiar maladies were viſible, he requeſted a laſt final indulgence, while he

explained the ſhort hiſtory of a life which had conducted him to the early, inglorious, and unpitied, termination of it.

"To you, injured Horatio, I firſt addreſs myſelf, who have been the object of my perſecution and hatred:—I have fallen by your courage—fallen juſtly:—I intended the wound which my father received for you: but ſhallow are the plans of vice—the Omniſcient ſaw through my black purpoſe:—you were reſerved to convey death to me, and to hear, at this ſinking criſis, when I find the approaches to eternity haſtily overwhelming me, the declaration which the keen pangs of guilt extort. It is a tribute due to the happineſs of the deceived and virtuous friends around me, and heaven—pray for me my reverend father! the prayers of the virtuous are ever a grateful offering to the Being I have rejected—heaven may yet, in conſideration of my premature confeſſion and death, eaſe the cloſe of an abandoned diſtorted life.

"The

"The reverend and aged Parent, who has called me by an affectionate title which I never merited, is equally with the Baron and Lady Graaf incorrect in the degree of conſanguinity which I bear to them: if I had been the offspring of parents ſuch as theſe, I ſhould have ſhewn ſome traits of virtue in my compoſition, and not have ſhamed the names which I have alternately borne. My mother was laſcivious, vindictive, and deſigning. I am the offspring of an illicit connection between her and Schmelt: this is the declaration which I have received from her, and the actions of my ſhort life too plainly declare my alliance to their vices."

"Heaven preſerve me!" ſaid Lady Graaf: "is he then no longer my ſon! He diſſolves the connection, and the children of Adela wander yet unknown and forſaken, perhaps, in the world:--ſhall their mother never be permitted to know them!" and the feelings of the mourner fell upon the object that had aſſumed that ten-

der character, and filled it with ſo much unworthineſs.—The Abbé proceeded :—

" To you then, madam, who have educated me, and reared me with all the affection a fond mother could feel, and which the feigned name you gave me but thinly concealed—to you I ſincerely declare, that I am not the offſpring of ſuch a parent : the worthy Heiligkeit boaſts a worthier and a nobler ſon than I am, of whom I ſhall ſpeak as I proceed in the eventful detail of paſt occurrences.

" After I had been impoſed upon the Counteſs by my mother as her legitimate offſpring, I eaſily perceived the advantageous change which I had made from the poverty of the one to the elegance of the other. My mother, when I was delivered up to the fond arms of this lady, gave me no other information than a brief and poſitive aſſurance that the time was now come in which I was to return to the knowledge of my real parents, and that I had been only nurſed there for the purpoſes

poſes of concealment. This, to my young mind, was impreſſive information, and I did not conceive in what manner the contrary could exiſt, when I had ever called them by the names of father and mother. Nevertheleſs, I ſoon perſuaded myſelf that I was not their ſon, and determined to renounce every remembrance of my former degraded ſtate. My mother had weakly calculated upon my filial duty in conveying to her the name of the family into which her manœuvre had removed me; but the affection of my noble friends and my pride obliterated every former recollection. When I approached to years of maturity, I was ſent to the college of Spires, where I became acquainted with a man of the name of Breit; he was an adventurer, ſeductive in his addreſs, and gay in his perſon: his bad example and inſinuating manner pleaſed me; we became companions in diſſipation and in misfortune:—we gamed;—the gains of one day were inadequate to the loſſes of

the next; and the deficiency was to be ſupplied by Lady Graaf, or a reſort to more hazardous means. During one of the college-vacations, when I was at home, and ſtood in jeopardy from the exceſſes of my conduct, I detected a letter with the poſt-mark of our village, which had been placed in the card-rack, during the abſence of Lady Graaf: I opened it; and found it was from the Parſon, who called God to witneſs he had juſt learned where I was placed; and that, if I were conſidered there as the ſon of any other than himſelf, it was a forgery, and begged I might be inſtantly returned, as an atonement for the impoſition his wife had put upon himſelf and them. Enraged and vengeful at the fatal blow my father had aimed at me, I now, for the firſt time, wrote to Mrs. Heiligkeit the proceeding of the Curate, urging her, if ſhe valued her own intereſt and my advantage, to ſee that the parſon ſent no more communications. The letter completely undeceived me

me in the perſuaſion that I was not the ſon of Mrs. Heiligkeit; but the means I took to guard againſt danger laid me more open to it. After a period of a month had elapſed, my mother, from my ſilence, finding herſelf diſappointed in her ambitious and pecuniary views, in a threatening letter, declared that ſhe would very ſhortly convince the Baron and myſelf that my filial duty was due to her; ſtated the Curate's infirmities, and inſiſted on my doing ſomething for herſelf. Policy, thus compelling me to alter my plan, I remitted a conciliatory anſwer, and whenever ſhe wrote for a ſmall loan, I remitted it, or excuſed myſelf handſomely. During the concluſion of my term at College, I was placed under the moſt rigid diſcipline, and I perfected that knowledge in the Roman faith which the good Curate had ſo much inveighed againſt: but, however agreeable high religious duties were to my noble mother, they were reſtraints not to be endured without counterbalancing gra-

tifications. I found relief in the company of Breit, and we entered into every exceſs of libertiniſm which would not involve an expulſion from the college: my expences were enormous, and the Counteſs paid them with a remonſtrance only;—in the following term they exceeded the laſt, and the Baron was made acquainted with my irregularities: he refuſed to diſcharge them, and I conſequently became arreſted. In my determination to have ſatisfaction for her ill conduct, I reſolved that ſhe ſhould pay, and liberally, for her non-compliance: I forged a draft upon the Baron for a large ſum, intending to replace it, but the diſcovery was made before I could effect it, and the ſuſpicion having alighted on me, I eſcaped the ignominy of a public trial from the tenderneſs of the Counteſs, who ſuffered the loſs of the money rather than my puniſhment. This unfortunate crime diſcarded me from the Baron's. For the firſt time, I now experienced the wants of poverty in a ſevere fit of illneſs, which

which attacked me. I wrote a letter of penitence to Lady Graaf, and her benevolent mind accepted my neceſſitous repentance: as I recovered, ſhe propoſed, as the Baron was inexorable to my return home, to provide for me either in the army, the church, or in the ſuite of the embaſſy about to go to France. I entered the army, but being averſe to the fatigues of danger and duty, I relinquiſhed it, and joined the envoy for Paris. The gaiety of that capital quickly exhauſted all means of ſupply; I became involved in an affair of honour, but rather than fight, I flew back, laden with debts and diſgrace. Before the intelligence reached my noble mother, I wrote an account of my diſlike to the ruinous ſeductions of that capital, and humbly propoſed to accept her offer of a proviſion in the church, diſguiſe and retirement having become neceſſary, as my illicit practices were ſucceſſively unfolded to her.

"Lady Graaf wrote to the rigid Abbé of St. Julier's, to procure me a ſituation

under his influence: he took me into concealment, knowing my noble relations: the ſituation was pleaſing to my liberticide diſpoſition; my religious ſanctity ſoon prevailed, and I gained, on the unexpected death of the Abbé, the guidance of the ſpiritual concerns of the convent. My devotion had made an impreſſion on Liſſetta's father, who appointed me, jointly with his wife, a truſtee for the property bequeathed to his daughter.

"Having thus acquired the domination of every part of the convent, I poſſeſſed full powers of egreſs and return. Before entering it, however, I had joined Breit, whoſe reduced ſituation had made it neceſſary to provide a ſupply on the highway, and who then reſided at Stettin: he had heard of the wealth of La Somme, and his fondneſs for Ella; and when Albert was robbed by Breit of the locket and his letters, the fertile invention of the latter ſuggeſted all the plans and deceptions which have

have eventually ruined that once-amiable lady.

" At a diſtance from the convent I always aſſumed a military appearance, and to this partly I owe that impreſſion which our converſation in the theatre made on the unſuſpecting boſom of Ella. The following day, prompted by my deſire of purſuing the amour, I had an interview with her, and was ſurpriſed by her worthy protector, La Somme. The ingenuity of Ella ſaved me from detection this time, and I reſolved never to venture another interview with the mercantile accuracy of her guardian.

" When ſuſpicions aroſe in La Somme's boſom upon my real name and addreſs, I forged thoſe letters which Ella received, in direct contradiction to the tenor of La Somme's communications from Copenhagen. All my aim was to give confidence to Ella, and to place myſelf between her and La Somme, till I had her in my poſſeſſion. The innocent heart of the harmleſs,

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thoughtleſs victim, by acquainting me with every domeſtic occurrence reſpecting La Somme, herſelf, and Albert, pointed out the romantic ſteps which it became neceſſary to purſue.

" When the journey of La Somme to Farmer Martin's, and his ſubſequent ſtay at Luben, ſeemed to have cloſed the proſpect of another interview between Ella and myſelf, I reſolved to ſurpriſe her. From my intimacy with Liſſetta's mother, I received an account of Ella's intention of viſiting her daughter on the evening when I leaped over the hedge. The whole ſtory of the robbers and the piſtol I fired were only calculated to give a more romantic and impreſſive air to the tender things I had to ſay—it ſucceeded:—we ſauntered—and we talked till it was too late to go onward to Liſſetta; at this time it was that Ella promiſed to ſpend one day with me, and truſt herſelf to my protection. She found that I behaved with honour, but the motive then laid in her

her declaration that ſhe was not the daughter of La Somme.

About this time the viſit of Mr. Fryherr, on which Mrs. Brun had conſulted me, was unſuſpectingly thwarted by my agent, Breit, who relieved me from the anxiety of a rival in that gentleman.

" Weakened as was my paſſion by the new charms which Liſſetta preſented to me, I reſolved to complete the iniquity of my conduct under the name of Sterndorff. This I effectually ſucceeded in by meeting her on the road to Luben, and not too warmly preſſing my object. Ella then proceeded home, from whence ſhe took all her perſonal property, and we hired apartments at Berlin.

" Poſſeſſed now of Ella, after the moſt ſolemn vows on my part, ſhe yielded up her perſon to my embraces, and we revelled in delight for a few weeks: ſhe then became anxious about her benefactor, but I aſſured her that he remained ſatisfied that ſhe was either at the farmer's or at home.

home. A ſhort time more now elapſed, in which Ella reſolved we ſhould be married before ſhe met the face of La Somme; a reſolution which I never intended ſhould take place:—never ſhall I forget the intereſting ſcene in which I abandoned her, and left her to the care of Breit, who coveted the poſſeſſion of her perſon. At her remonſtrance ſoon after, he introduced her privately into the convent, and depoſited her in the particular apartment which appertained to me: this was the viſion Liſſetta ſaw, and rightly ſuppoſed to reſemble Ella. My promptneſs enabled me to join the alarm which Liſſetta raiſed in the convent, and the apartment was unſuſpected where her friend was ſecured. Chagrined that Breit had expoſed me to Ella in a new character, and induced by the fear that Liſſetta might have an interview with her, I had reſolved to immerſe her in the ſubterraneous receſſes of the convent, when Breit boldly declared he would protect her, and it was at length agreed

agreed that ſhe ſhould be removed into the country, preparatory to his deceptive offer of interceſſion with La Somme for her return.

Ella, though fallen, fell not a ſecond time: our joint villainy has not again ſucceeded in vitiating her mind, though he uſed falſe ſtatements of the bitterneſs and rage of La Somme at her flight, and preſented to her the horrors of poverty and rejection.

The amour with Ella having exhauſted my finances, a more ſure and certain ſource now preſented itſelf, and which occupied my imagination wholly: this was the conqueſt of the ſuperior mind and beauty of Liſſetta, with whom I became enamoured:—For this grand purpoſe I relaxed in the ſeverities which I had formerly exhibited to her, and furthered all the generous wiſhes of her heart, that I might the more eaſily obtain an advantage over Horatio, whoſe preſence I ſtudiouſly avoided. The paſſion for Ella was loſt in this greater delight, and I ſtudied aſſiduouſly to make

myſelf

myſelf intereſting to her happineſs. Mr. Schmelt's death next ſucceeded, and Linton, who had flown to that retreat for ſecurity, was, at my requeſt, befriended by Mrs. Heiligkeit. Here another dark ſcene unfolds itſelf: the property which Horatio ſhould have poſſeſſed, he was robbed of by the wickedneſs of Linton and Mrs. Heiligkeit, but heaven's juſtice ſuffered not the ill-gotten property to proſper: Linton was robbed of it in his turn,— his female companion, Mrs. Heiligkeit, turned off to penury and diſgrace; and in the walls of the convent the poor wretch ſtill exiſts whom Linton employed to perſonate the unſuſpecting Curate, and who can alone prove the defraud to his conviction. Where Mrs. Heiligkeit is I know not, but, if the end of vice be miſerable, ſuch, like that of her ſon, will be her fate!

"The note, on which this reverend old man was arreſted, was diſcounted by Linton, who, after the loſs of his unjuſtly acquired property, had occaſion for it in his mar-

marriage-flight with Miſs Niederkoff from Berlin; a young lady who has ſacrificed her happineſs, like many other females, to the ſoft tongue of the more acute flatterer.

" From Linton it is, therefore, that I have acquired the particulars which Trag's artleſs information led to, and which I have tortuouſly employed to the prejudice of Horatio and my ultimate ruin.

" During one of my early excurſions it was that I ſtopped a night at the village-inn, where Horatio was afterwards quartered: here the beauty and archneſs of the landlord's daughter attracted my attention, and created in me a tranſient paſſion, which the powers of a ſmall ſum of money eaſily procured the gratification of. This adventure has been a principal cauſe of the unhappy difference which has ſubſiſted between Liſſetta and Horatio, and which I have endeavoured to extend: indeed, Horatio, the rival of my younger days, the bane of my proſperity, and the fatal cauſe

of the horrid pangs I feel—to counteract his virtue, and bring it into diſgrace, required the utmoſt efforts of my ſkill.

"In proportion as I became intereſted in endeavouring to effect the firſt wiſh of Liſſetta's heart, in the elevation of Horatio, ſo her attachment and friendſhip to me augmented; and when I obſerved that the chaſte liberties I indulged in were not unacceptable, I then propoſed to her mother, at a proper time, an union between her daughter and myſelf, which ſhe readily approved from the very advantageous terms I held out. Fortune in this juncture I thought ſeemed to favour my views:—The diſcovery of Roſella I ſucceeded in turning to the prejudice of my rival; and the arreſt which had removed my father from Grunen, I bleſſed as a fortunate circumſtance, ſince it had procured the diſpoſal of Horatio's commiſſion, the appearance of which I clothed in the moſt ungrateful colours: but, like the ſhallow congratulations of vicious joys, the

the event has overwhelmed me, and I die a martyr to the juſt revenge he ſwore ſhould overtake him who had occaſioned the unnatural impriſonment of my reverend aged father. Prior to this I had ſolaced myſelf upon his entry into the army, where I hoped the fatigues or dangers of the campaign would have cut him off:—but fortune mocked me;—he fought valiantly, and though he received a wound in the ſhoulder, he ſurvived to receive the commiſſion Liſſetta had purchaſed for him, under the influence of which he gained immortal honour in the conqueſt and treatment of Count Graaf—that cauſe of the ſuſpenſion of my union with Liſſetta!"

The dying Abbé here pauſed from fatigue, and ſeemed to be fluttering on the confines of the other world, as he reclined to recover his exhauſted ſtrength.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

THE unaffected and modeſt manner in which Horatio ſtood during the dying declaration of his innocence had not paſſed unnoticed by Edel, who had moved round from the place in which he ſat to the ſide of Horatio, and, unwilling to interrupt the narrative, had only graſped his hand at the relation of every favourable occurrence, and wept ſilently at thoſe events in which his falſe concluſions had borne hard upon the brave youth. Horatio obſerved his feelings, and kept equal time in ſympathy with the man who had firſt befriended him, and who now ſeemed to aſk the favour of forgiveneſs for his miſ-

miſconcluſions. While, therefore, the hand of Horatio was reclaimed by Mr. Edel, the latter ſaid—" Let us admire, my beloved Adela, the juſt and myſterious diſpenſations of Providence: I thought I traced the features of a great character in thoſe of Horatio, when accident gave him to my notice: I have protected him, and it was reſerved for him to revenge the wrongs I received from Count Graaf, and to give me once more the poſſeſſion of my firſt love.—During ſo many years of cloſe immerſion in priſon, who could have looked for the arrival of moments like theſe! When, by penetrating into a ſubterraneous receſs, I eſcaped from the gloomy dungeon, my native country gave me no ſecurity: I fancied I ſaw a dagger in every hand, and danger in every ſtep: the Governor gave out that I was dead, while I laid buried under a fictious name, in the country near Caſſel: No inducement offered to make myſelf known:—my Adela was married to my rival, and

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my brother, the Duke, alive. Placed in ſecurity in another country, I wrote to the Governor of the Caſtle upon the liberty I had obtained, and the danger in which he ſtood if I contradicted his ſtatement of my death: his generoſity and fear of puniſhment has hitherto furniſhed me with the means of living in the mutual exerciſe of œconomy and acts of benevolence.—Horatio muſt feel that Virtue is its own reward, and we, my Adela, ought to pay our gratitude to her in his likeneſs!"

Adela here preſſed forward to bear her teſtimony to the brave youth, whoſe perſon ſeemed to be divided between the attentions of her huſband and her father.

"Brave and generous ſir!" ſaid Adela, "let me add my acknowledgements too: I have felt the great pleaſure ariſing from conferring benefits; my interference once ſaved the lives of a father and his ſon, when they were condemned to ſuffer death for deſertion: I judge by myſelf what are the high throbbings of a benevolent heart!"

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"For my father, madam," ſaid Albert, turning himſelf to the Counteſs, "for my brother and myſelf—for the family of the Martins again accept our deepeſt gratitude. —You have forgotten Albert, whom you ſaved—but he has not forgotten the hand which ſaved him;—he lives to prove his gratitude, and thanks heaven, that, in his ſearch after the ruined Ella, he has been inſtrumental in bringing about the diſcoveries which have opened friendſhip, virtue, and family affection to our view—that he has ſeen your goodneſs remunerated in the repoſſeſſion of the diſguiſed Edel—that the integrity of Horatio has been rendered more brilliant from the clouds which had obſcured it, and that the unfortunate wretch, who aſſumed the very ſemblance of virtue, has yet lived to diſcloſe thoſe particulars which will in ſome meaſure compenſate for the atrocity of his paſt miſdoings."

He was ſtretching out the hand of returning friendſhip to Horatio, when the

convulsive struggles of the agonised offender attracted the general attention, and prevented the acknowledgements of La Somme, the Curate, and Mr. Fryherr, from bursting forth. At length, when the Abbé's tongue had recovered its powers, he proceeded in a more faltering manner with the residue of his confession:—"Your joy, my injured friends, is too precipitate; the crimes of Sterndorff have not yet wholly been unmasked, nor have the virtuous Albert and La Somme conceived the height of the precipice from which I am about to plunge them. The most important event which I had to counteract was Horatio's discovery of Ella under the name of Lucy: here every ingenuity was required to throw the odium upon her deliverer, and to prevent an interview between Horatio, Ella, and Liffetta, until I had obtained the hand of the latter, when I should have bid defiance to the malice of those I had ruined. To effect this, therefore, I had obtained the solemn promise of

of Liſſetta, that ſhe would deliver her hand into mine when I preſented her with Ella's: I then diſpatched Breit to the place of Ella's retreat, with a charge to convey her to the convent either by force or ſtratagem; the latter ſucceeded — a forged letter was delivered at the cottage from Horatio, deſiring her to come to the Curate's in the conveyance he had ſent for her, where Horatio was confined from an illneſs caught in ſaving her. Thus Ella entered into the chaiſe Breit had prepared, was conducted to the convent, and placed in one of its gloomy chambers till I had ſoftened her to favour my purpoſe. The gallant Horatio would have been foiled in his explanation of the loſs of Ella to Liſſetta, as the invitation for her removal from the cottage was aſcribed to him, and I had directly, after her being ſecured in the convent, flew to her retreat, which I reached before La Somme, explaining there the baſe intentions of Horatio, and detailing the motives which haſtened me

away before the arrival of Mr. Edel and his friends.

" Ella thus lodged ſafely in the convent—Horatio without the means of clearing up the ſituation of Ella in his projected interview with Liſſetta—and myſelf ſtanding on high ground in the opinion of her mother and friends, I congratulated myſelf on the proſperity of my ſchemes, and thought they were ſuperior to diſappointment—but tranſient were theſe pleaſing gleams—conſcience ſtill feared that truth, iſſuing from the impreſſive figure of Horatio, would renew Liſſetta's former affection: I felt that one ſtep more would relieve me from diſquietude and Horatio's hated preſence: I thought—I pondered—and reſolved that I would not be the prey of doubt. When, therefore, theſe gentlemen thought I was purſuing the ruined Ella through bye roads and private channels—I flew from Frankfort with Breit, determined in diſguiſe to diſpatch Horatio in the wood. Previous to which I had

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founded the diſpoſition of the terrified and deſpairing Ella, to ſee if ſhe could be truſted in an interview with Liſſetta ſufficiently to further my purpoſe. The ſight of me ſhook her frame, and when I promiſed her liberation and reward—to reſtore her to La Somme and Albert, if ſhe would ſpeak of me as her deliverer to the unſuſpecting Liſſetta, ſhe loaded me with the keeneſt reproaches, and laughed at my power and threats:—I thought ſhe looked lovely in the wild déſhabille of her rage, and I had reſolved on the ſpot to indulge the gratification of appetite, when I approached ſhe drew a weapon from her pocket, and eſſayed to plunge it in my boſom!—I retired fearful and inveterate; in my revenge I reſolved that ſhe ſhould ſuffer by the fate ſhe had provoked—I determined that ſhe ſhould fall by a ſtill and ſure means:—in the wine which I delivered for her nouriſhment, in her dark and terrific apartment, I mixed poiſon!—The deadly potion ere this has paſſed her lips;

and the lovely, ruined, repentant Ella has fallen a victim to the machinations of the tortured wretch who is following her to the awful bar of eternal juſtice!"

"Poiſoned!" exclaimed the united voices of Horatio, Albert, and La Somme, while the latter was ſupported by the arm of Albert, whoſe tottering frame was ready to bend down to the ſame fearful and unexpected intelligence. The attentions of thoſe leſs intereſted were ſoon reſtored, but the fixed looks of Albert and quivering lips of La Somme, on whoſe tongue the dreadful word—"poiſoned!" was minutely repeated, alarmed the company for the ſanity of theſe virtuous ſufferers.

The Baron propoſed that Horatio and Fryherr ſhould immediately viſit the dungeon where the unhappy female victim had expiated with her life her firſt deviation from the even track of virtue, and remove her with expedition and privacy to the houſe of her friend.

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This diſagreeable commiſſion the worthy youths immediately undertook, and reſolved to penetrate through every receſs to diſcover thoſe who had fallen a victim to the machinations of the Abbé:—We ſhall therefore ſuffer them to proceed while we attend the awful exit of the criminal in the perſon of the Abbé.

During the time which has been occupied in the confeſſion of the dying wretch, aſſiſtance had been ſent for, and the ſurgeon now entered and examined the ſituation of the patient. After an accurate inveſtigation of the wound, and aſcertaining the impoſſibility of adminiſtering relief, the melancholy half-opened eyes of the Abbé turned upon him, and in a feeble voice demanded "if he muſt die!" The ſurgeon informed him, that he could not ſurvive an hour! His frame ſhuddered at the brief intelligence, his eyes cloſed, and life ſeemed ſuſpended in every part but in the incoherent accents which floated in his utterance.

When he had remained a ſhort time in this torpid ſtate, he demanded eagerly the hand of Horatio, as the token of his reconciliation and forgiveneſs. Horatio had flown, and was not doomed to behold his dying moments.

" Horatio ! moſt excellent man !" ſaid the Abbé ; " heaven has preſerved him from my black purpoſe ! The inviſible chain of cauſes are open to my view too late—they have conducted me to my fall, and they will lead him to earthly and heavenly happineſs ! — When Breit deſerted me, I flew ;—but the ſword of Horatio purſued cloſe—as I turned round to reſiſt, the arm of Omnipotence directed it to the ſeat of life :—faint with loſs of blood, I continued flying till I fell, and was conducted by him to the circle of thoſe whoſe regards ſearch into my inmoſt ſoul, and whoſe injuries blockade every avenue to heaven's mercy.—To Liſſetta bear my laſt anxious requeſt that ſhe will pardon the errors of one who ſincerely loved

loved her:—And to this worthy old man, whoſe brow my unfilial conduct has enveloped with ſorrow, he may now rejoice: heaven, if it has robbed him of an unnatural ſon in me, has more than repaid his ſufferings in the affection of the fatherleſs orphan Horatio, whom he has raiſed from infancy—whom he has adopted as his own, and whoſe birth-right I have fraudulently ſuperceded!"

The importance of theſe words were not loſt upon thoſe moſt intereſted in them; while La Somme exclaimed—"Would to heaven that I could have affixed the ſame character to my fallen deceaſed Ella: ſhe was my firſt concern, and the end of all my hopes:—I found her deſtitute, and I adopted her:—I called her my daughter, and ſhe liſped out the name of father:—but the ſame cauſes have different effects, and we muſt ſubmit to the inviſible hand that guides the great machine:—Horatio and Ella form an equal balance in the myſterious account: they were both affec-

tionately elevated under the ſame circumſtances; but their fates have proved different—the virtues of the firſt have counterpoiſed the weakneſſes of my ruined unhappy girl! and the pleaſures of La Somme have ſunk into the grave with her! while thoſe of Heiligkeit are more radiant for the ſtormy aſpects he has weathered."

The Counteſs and her noble huſband were at this moment each agitated by the queſtions which aroſe out of the laſt ſpeeches of the Abbé and La Somme: but their curioſity was for a time ſuſpended by the changing condition of the dying impoſtor, who heaved a convulſive groan, and eſſayed to riſe from the bed on which he was laid; exclaiming, that he was purſuing the white-robed Ella to heaven, who had outſtripped him in her flight, and left him to wander in the pathleſs regions of deſpair. He called loudly upon her name, and wildly aſked if they had not ſeen her look down with ſternneſs in

in the ſhape of an angel, charged with the execution of heaven's eternal fiat againſt him!

He continued in this deranged ſtate for ſome time: his ſpeech became interrupted while uttering the earneſt hope that they would pray for the remiſſion of his crimes, —for the murder of the innocent!—— when an apathy ſucceeded to the ſtruggle which had cut off the half-finiſhed ſentence, and the ſpectators continued ſilently obſerving his torpid ſtate for ſome time, until the pale cadaverous hue that gradually fixed upon his face and hands declared he had terminated the cloſe of his exiſtence.

After the party had relieved their common feelings by a ſerious and appropriate converſation, the Baron propoſed that the body ſhould be incloſed in a ſhell, and buried, according to its wiſh, near the deceaſed Ella.

The hearſe, with the corpſe of Count Graaf, was directed to proceed to its deſ-

tination till the Baron arrived, while the company proceeded onward to terminate their journey, and to bear the news of the Abbe's exit to Horatio, Fryherr, and Liſſetta.

When Horatio and Fryherr had reached Frankfort, they proceeded immediately to inſpect the unoccupied receſſes of the convent. The buſineſs he came upon excited univerſal trepidation in the inhabitants of that peaceful abode, and they would have perſuaded him to have relinquiſhed a ſearch which had no foundation for its exiſtence. Deaf, however, to their remonſtrances, he deſcended into the ſubterraneous damps of the caſtle, and paſſed through ſeveral dungeons with no other effect than diſturbing the vermin, who had hitherto remained abſolute maſters of theſe dark domains. Penetrating into the fartheſt receſs, he found a door which, when opened, communicated to two others within a foot of it:—he liſtened—he heard the ſound of a human groan inſide the ponderous entrance. The impulſe was too

too ſtrong to heſitate a moment; he applied the lever, in conjunction with his aſſiſtants, to penetrate the entrance: in a ſhort time he entered, and had advanced but a few feet, when a human ſkeleton-figure crept towards him, and graſped his hand, as he ſtumbled over the body: he applied the torch to its viſage, and traced the honeſt features of Trag! He graſped the emaciated hand of the poor fellow, and told him to dread no more, for he was come to ſave him, and give him life and liberty.

Trag's weakneſs broke forth in honeſt ſyllables—"Thank ye—thank ye! God's bleſſing and Trag's be with you:—Hard penance in this dark hole—forced to die, if you had not come, and have no burial!" With ſupport he aroſe, and was conducted from the dark apartment.

There yet remained the contiguous one to penetrate, and this preſented even greater obſtacles than the abode of Trag: the door ſeemed impregnable, and it appeared

peared more eaſy to make a breach than to force it. The obſtructions gave new vigour to their exertions, and in a ſhort time Horatio penetrated the aperture; he entered with a light, which for a moment obſcured the diſtant parts of the chamber, and he had declared that he ſaw no victim there, when a female voice uttered a ſigh from a remote corner of the dungeon,—while, as he advanced to the ſpot, the ſhrill ſound of "My ſaviour!" penetrated every ear but her's who uttered it.

Horatio beheld the extended feminine figure lie on the ground, uncertain whether its animation had not eſcaped with the ſigh he had juſt heard; but life was only ſuſpended, and, as it flowed back, he exclaimed: — "She lives — ſhe is alive: — Ella! La Somme, hear me! Ella is ſtill alive: happy Horatio! let me kneel over the body to recover it, and to thank the watchful Power that has preſerved her!"

Trag offered the warm flow of his gratitude in the ejaculation, frequently repeated,

ed, of God be praiſed! while Horatio actively applied every means which could reſtore life to the ſuſpended animation: he ſucceeded, and beheld the wan eyes and lips of Ella addreſs themſelves to him in the terrific queſtion, if he was come to ſave her from Sterndorff!

"Be happy!" ſaid Horatio; "he has fallen by my hand: heaven's vengeance has viſited him, and its beneficence awaits you: La Somme is coming with all our friends, to weep over your grave—to ſing a requiem to the errors of youth, and to bleſs the deceived unhappy victim of Sterndorff's treachery! Riſe, my life—riſe to viſit Liſſetta—to meet your forgiving father, and to ſpeak peace and encouragement to the worthy Albert:—Riſe to years of happineſs, and to bleſs Horatio by recovering to him the loſt affection of the amiable generous Liſſetta!"

The apoſtrophe was full of pathos—the ſituation was at its climax—the head of Ella reſted on the ſhoulder of her deli-

ver-

verer, and they mingled for many minutes the tears of gratitude and joy.

Before they quitted the convent entirely, they penetrated into other apartments which were more pleaſantly ſituated, and leſs calculated for the purpoſes of concealment, in one of which was diſcovered the infamous Linton, ſitting at his eaſe, with ſome excellent viands before him, and ſome books at his elbow. Here he had placed himſelf for ſecurity till the alarm Horatio had occaſioned ſhould have ſubſided or be accommodated. In another apartment was the wretch whom Linton had employed to perſonate the curate. Linton's confuſion at the interview with this victim of his ſecurity may be eaſily conceived. He was conducted to priſon with all the marks of conſternation and guilt which are indicative of approaching puniſhment.

Every difficulty being removed which could detain them at the convent, Horatio diſpatched one of the attendants for a carriage

carriage in which he might conduct the treaſure of his diſcovery to Liſſetta. Big were his emotions when he drew up at the door where he had never before dared to enter, and which till now ſeemed for ever cloſed upon him. But it is the characteriſtic of rectitude, that it carries a ſerene front, unembarraſſed and unagitated.

Horatio knew that his friend Fryherr before this had removed every jealouſy, every fear from the boſom of his miſtreſs, and, if any remained, he was now to be advocate for himſelf before the moſt amiable judge in the univerſe. With confidence he therefore felt the joys of anticipation, and ſaw the door fly open on the firſt ſummons, and the angelic form of Liſſetta occupy its place.

"Welcome—welcome Horatio! dear Horatio!" ſhe ejaculated as ſhe ſeized the hand of our hero in alighting from the chaiſe; but what language is adequate to paint the complicated feelings of wonder and affright, when ſhe caught a glimpſe of

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of that female friend for whoſe untimely ſacrifice ſhe had ſhortly before poured out the melting afflictions of her remembrance and eſteem. She hurried into the parlour the better to withſtand the coming explanation, and was followed by the pale Ella, handed by Horatio.

"It is Ella!" exclaimed Horatio: "reſtored to happineſs—to Liſſetta;—and I am Horatio whom you have rejected!"

"Forgive me, Horatio," ſaid Liſſetta: "Ella is our mediator—ſhe is reſtored miraculouſly, and every tenderneſs returns with her:—Look up, dear Ella—ſpeak!" The overwhelming ſurpriſe, the ſhame—the joy—had locked up her tongue, and ſhe gave way to the feebleneſs of her emaciated health in the apathy of tears and wildneſs.

During the time in which Ella was buſied in applying reſtoratives to her friend, we ſhall briefly relate the cauſes which had led to Trag's and her preſervation.

Linton

Linton had flown to the Abbé for ſecurity, and Trag, being the only object he had to fear, he was incarcerated. Here the Abbé reſolved to detain him till the iſſue of the buſineſs ſhould tranſpire.

Trag's hardy frame, though it had remained in the unwholeſome damp many days, had only ſuffered in his fleſhy form, and he was liberated before it was too late. With reſpect to Ella, her reſolution alone preſerved her exiſtence: ſhe ſuſpected not that poiſon had been inſerted in the drink, but ſhe determined to receive nothing at the hands of the monſter who recommended them. The ſhort time ſhe had been in impriſonment, and the weak ſtate of her appetite, tended to preſerve her life by having as yet avoided the medicated wine. The arrival of Horatio, whom ſhe recogniſed on his ruſhing through the aperture, was the ſignal for new life, deliverance, and protection!

In a ſhort time the aſſiduity of Horatio and Liſſetta recovered their lovely friend,

and

and it was propoſed that the air of the dining-room would be more reſtorative than the warmth of the parlour The female friends and Horatio here enjoyed for ſome time the happy moments of privacy, and the mutual interchanges of explanation and aſſurances of love.

The hands of Horatio and his fair companions were affectionately entwined, and, as he ſat in the centre, it might have been equally doubted to whom he was the lover, if the impulſe of nature had not marked the paſſion by his looks, and the preſſure of his lips repeatedly on that hand he was ſoon to poſſeſs.

The mother of our heroine had flown up ſtairs on the entrance of Horatio, abaſhed and aſhamed, and had not yet returned to the man whoſe virtue ſhe applauded, but the meanneſs and dependence of whoſe birth ſhe yet proteſted againſt.

However material theſe points might weigh in the ſcale of matrimonial comforts,

ſorts, with Liſſetta they had never exiſted: and Horatio could aſſert a double claim to her, upon the ſame conditions her mother had conſented to with the Abbé—that the long affection he had boaſted, and the reſtoration of the unfortunate Ella, ſhould entitle him to her hand.

As he had literally fulfilled that contract, Liſſetta reaſoned that her mother had no longer any juſt right to refuſe the recompenſe; and if ſhe perſiſted, the time had now arrived when it would be criminal in herſelf to withhold from him the reward of Virtue, and the equitable wiſh of her friends.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

BY the close of the same evening the noble travellers, with the old gentlemen and Albert, arrived at Frankfort; and having deposited their baggage at the inn, immediately walked forward to the house of our heroine: they were introduced into the parlour, and Horatio rushed down stairs, conducting and fortifying the timid Ella for the interesting scene. When they entered the room, Ella, with feeble step advanced to La Somme, clasped him round the neck, and concealed her face in his bosom.

The effect produced not a syllable from Albert or her father. The former had impul-

impulſively moved forward to meet her, and ſtood in a fixed attitude, with his eyes looking on the features and encircling arms of La Somme.

The ſituation of Horatio was no leſs intereſting: he had advanced to congratulate Mr. Edel by that name on their general happineſs, when he ſeized him by the hand, and looked in his face through a viſion of tears:—"Horatio," ſaid he, "my dear boy—kneel down and receive a bleſſing from Adela:—Fate made me your friend when I knew nothing of you: Nature has now made me your father: my ſon—Horatio! embrace your mother!" He obeyed, and the fondneſs of a parent alternately bleſſed heaven for ſuch a ſon and ſuch a diſcovery.

"Horatio," continued Mr. Edel; "you are not yet wholly acquainted with the weight of tenderneſs which is due from us all: I have yet to introduce myſelf and you to a new and intereſting connection; and which deprives La Somme only of the nominal

nominal title he has ſo recently explained, and generouſly filled. Horatio, when you flew to the brook into which Ella had plunged—when you entered the convent in which her mortal part we imagined only remained, you gave me a daughter, and ſaved a ſiſter!"

La Somme added his teſtimony to the eventful diſcovery, which he cloſed by beſtowing upon her his hearty forgiveneſs for the paſt error, and reſigning her into the care of her noble and real parents.

Heiligkeit had near the ſame part to perform, which he declared ſhould not cancel the relationſhip he would continue to fill to his foſter ſon, that of his *ſpiritual* father.

Horatio now embraced the ſiſter whom he had twice recovered from perdition, and whoſe down-caſt look and ſilence beſpoke the feelings of a mind conſcious of what it had done, and of the little regard it deſerved from the faithful and generous Albert. He had hitherto remained the leaſt

leaſt agitated character in the performance; but Mr. Edel now undertook to introduce him and Liſſetta into the moſt intereſting ſituations.

" I do remember," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Brun, " a condition to which you ſubſcribed, that the Abbé and Liſſetta ſhould be united immediately on the production of Ella: now I claim the benefit of that agreement for my ſon and your daughter. In ſaving his ſiſter he has prevented the miſery of Liſſetta; I therefore propoſe that, in the liſt of promotions this day, we read Horatio, *vice* Sterndorff!"

" Aye," ſaid the old lady, " *vice* enough there was in him indeed; for he would have cheated heaven and me too! But, thank God, his goodneſs has permitted him to be overtaken. As for the young gentleman, whom I was rather againſt ſome time back, if he had told me who he was, it would have made a great difference; for I always ſuſpected that there was an error

ſomewhere; and I freely give my conſent to their union, if you are certain, ſir, that he is of noble blood, and he will ſubſcribe to the ſame terms as the wicked Abbé!"

The Baron replied:—"As to terms, I leave them to yourſelf; and, as to nobility, the recent death of the Duke of Holſtein, without iſſue, places his brother Guſtavus (Mr. Edel) in all his honours, and Horatio becomes ennobled."

"I have always maintained," ſaid La Somme, "that time would balance all our accounts; but yet I think there is ſomething due from Ella to Albert: he deſerves a better reward than he has hitherto received: he merited the hand of Ella when he was himſelf unjuſtly ſuſpected: that ſuſpicion has diſappeared, and my Ella (now, indeed, the daughter of a nobler parent) has recompenſed her errors with her contrition. Delicate as the preſent moment is, let me receive an aſſurance that ſhe will reſign her hand to the

the ineſtimable man who had the firſt and beſt claim to it."

Ella replied feebly, that her ſuffering had taught her the duty of ſubmiſſion, and the abſurdity of notions drawn from romantic inexperience. Here ſhe extended her hand to Albert, who preſſed it, and declared that her happineſs had always been his object, and that her return to the path of virtue was the beſt douceur he ſhould ever require.

The inferior parties in the developement then came forward; Martin and Adolphus were made acquainted with theſe events by Mr. Fryherr the next morning; and young Mrs. Fryherr, accompanied by her father and brother-in-law, had waited on her huſband's parents, and gained their pardon and permiſſion to viſit them.

The Baron, who gave it as his opinion that Horatio had little buſineſs, at the ſame time, in the fields of Hymen and Mars, propoſed that Adolphus, who was a ſoldier, ſhould be preſented with his

commiſſion, and again fight *pro rege et patria.*

The Duke of Holſtein, notwithſtanding his newly-acquired dignity, did not forget to introduce his favourite ſubject of phyſiognomy, and congratulated farmer Martin on the eye and noſe of Adolphus, which promiſed farther elevation and honour at a future period. La Somme thanked heaven for the juſt account it had kept with them, in leaving a ſufficient balance to compenſate the unhappineſs of every one.

" Except," added Liſſetta, " ſome little acknowledgement to poor Trag ;" who was immediately called in from the kitchen, to which he had retired.

Horatio informed him, that, as he had been inſtrumental in the good fortune which had taken place, he ſhould be a partaker in it ; and added, " What, Trag, ſhould you like beſt ?"

" I think," ſaid Trag, " ſeeing that former times are changed with us, and you

you are going to be married, I ſhould like to take a leaf out of the ſame book."

"Very well," ſaid the Duke: "having therefore provided yourſelf with a wife, have you fixed upon the means of keeping her?"

Trag ſhook his head, and ſaid that he did not know wives were taken into *keeping*:—"But," continued he, "if you mean proviſions—if you would have the goodneſs to make me butler to your ſon, I will take care that nothing ſhall be *waſted*: and, as to my wife, if ſhe were about the larder, why, we ſhould always have plenty in view, and be placed above want."

Horatio aſſured him that he would never forget the promiſe he had made him when he occupied his garret; and that his requeſts ſhould be complied with.

Trag, at the pleaſing intelligence, drew his hands out of his pockets, and had ſtepped into the middle of the room to take that of Horatio, when he drew back, and remarked that he had like to have for-

forgotten himſelf. Poor Trag's heart was full of gratitude, and might have proved very oratorical, if Liſſetta had not poured him out a glaſs of wine, and informed him that he ſhould drink it before he quitted the room, which he did, remarking at the ſame time, that there was no deceit in a bumper.

Having now produced the ultimatum of our characters, it will be neceſſary to drop the curtain, and to imagine the ſcenes of connubial felicity which followed. The marriage of Horatio took place immediately; while that of Albert was poſtponed till the recovery of Ella, who retired with him to England, where La Somme continued to be conſidered in the tender character he had ever filled, and experienced, in the reclaimed conduct of Mrs. Albert Martin, the attention and gratitude he had ever flattered himſelf with in old age.

The Duke and the happy Adela retired with the Baron to Copenhagen, where he

he took poſſeſſion of the properties, real and perſonal, vacant by his brother's death.

Horatio and his amiable bride were amply provided for by the affection of their parents; among the whimſical arrangements of which, the Baron, his father, inſiſted on building an elegant addition to their manſion, and dedicating it to the ſervice of Hymen, under the vulgar name of the Nurſery. Nor was the virtuous and peaceable Heiligkeit forgotten; he was made chaplain to the family, and had apartments allotted for him in the different reſidences of the Duke and Horatio; his old manſion at Grunen was alſo purchaſed for him, where his *friends* were reinſtated, and, at the village-church, when he choſe, he gave them a ſermon on the viciſſitudes of fortune: he had alſo the ſacred honour of uniting publicly the hands of Horatio and Liſſetta, and pronouncing a bleſſing and a prayer which he had compoſed expreſsly for the purpoſe.

Linton

Linton was ſet at liberty amidſt the general jubilee; and Breit, from the wound he had received, lingered out a painful exiſtence. We, therefore, cloſe the finale with a remark of the good Curate, by way of apology for ſome of our friends—*humanum eſt errare*, and declare, if it be godlike to forgive, it is equally noble to abandon the paths which led into error.

FINIS.

T. Plummer, Printer, Seething-Lane, Tower-Street.